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Another Obedient Ally

MR. TRUMAN'S decision to override his European allies and to negotiate a bilateral agreement with Franco Spain is important for two reasons. In the first place, the President's hardly concealed distaste for these negotiations indicates the absolute ascendancy that strategy has achieved in the U.S. over policy. Mr. Acheson's position is now so lamentably weak—and he has made so many concessions to his opponents—that the conduct of America's foreign relations has passed to the Chiefs of Staff. And once it had been decided to rearm Chiang Kai-shek, the Japanese and the Germans, it was certain that Franco, too, would soon be welcomed as an ally in the American crusade against Communism.

It is the job of the professional soldier to prepare for war as though it were inevitable, and no one can blame the Pentagon for acting on this assumption. As part of a strictly American strategy, the case for re-equipping the Spanish army and acquiring reliable atom bomb bases behind the Pyrenees is strong—always provided that British and French interests are not regarded as important, and that no one bothers about the fact that this unilateral American action makes nonsense of the claim that the Atlantic Pact is a partnership of equal nations.

What is important is to learn the lesson of this deplorable affair. That lesson is simple enough. Ever since last January, when the Defence programme was so dramatically enlarged in order to satisfy American requirements, we have been steadily losing the independence of action that we had achieved by making ourselves independent of Marshall Aid. An arms programme, which makes havoc of our export drive and vast inroads on our dollar reserves, is bound to have this effect first on our economy and then on our foreign policy as well. The interesting feature of the Spanish affair is that the U.S. now feels herself strong enough—and her European allies weak enough—to ride rough-shod over their oft-proclaimed policies. Even six months ago, although Mr. Bevin had surrendered on the principle of German rearmament, we were strong enough to delay its coming into effect and to enforce our view that it could only be made real by agreement. In the case of Spanish rearmament, the Americans have not bothered to obtain our agreement. The U.S. simply decides to bring Spain within the American defence system; and we are left to console ourselves with the illusion that we have achieved something by preventing the formal acceptance of Franco within the Atlantic Pact. When the German army is recreated, shall we be able to enjoy a similar consolation?

Neither Mr. Attlee nor Mr. Churchill seem yet to realise the threat to this country which the rearmament of Spain, Germany and Japan together represent. Since 1945 we have been able to achieve a measure of independence, and so to exert effective influence in Washington, because Britain was still the only ally on whom America could rely. Now America is creating a new set of even more obedient allies, bound to her by hoops of steel and gold. By reviving the military and economic power of the three Fascist powers, first against our open opposition and then with our grudging consent, she is rapidly transforming the balance of power within the non-Communist world. In accepting the Japanese peace treaty and the ancillary American defence arrangements with Australia and New Zealand, we have accepted the fact that the Pacific is now an American lake. Now the process is taking place much nearer home—in Europe itself. Very soon Britain and France will begin to feel the decline in their status, as Western Germany takes over control of the Schuman Plan and General Franco begins to ask why a British Gibraltar, which affronts the national dignity of Spain, continues to exist.

It may be replied that all this is only the unpalatable consequence of power political changes we have got to accept. But to say this is to deceive ourselves. The shift of power—above all the decision to give armed strength an overriding priority—is very largely of our own creation. Everyone realises that British independence cannot survive a third World War. We have now to learn the bitter lesson that it is unlikely even to survive America's preparations for it unless that independence is now finally asserted.

The Murder of Abdullah

King Abdullah's death at the hands of an Arab Nationalist may well mean the loss of our only reliable ally in the Middle East; it certainly destroys any immediate hope of a peace treaty between Israel and Jordan. Abdullah's kingdom had been doubled in size by his skilful policy during the Israeli war of independence and the new State of Jordan included all that was left of Arab Palestine. Unfortunately, however, its social structure has proved highly unstable. With the assistance of two very remarkable Englishmen, Sir Alec Kirkbride and Glubb Pasha, Abdullah had ruled Transjordan

as a paternal autocracy, and this was hardly to the taste of the more sophisticated Palestinian Arabs whose dislike of Britain had been sharpened by defeat in war. Moreover, the fact that no less than half the population are destitute refugees gave the Mufti and other troublemakers plenty of scope for agitation both against undue British influence and against the King's desire to seek a settlement with the Jews. Abdullah's eldest son, now in a mental home, is notoriously anti-British, and Kirkbride and Glubb will be forced to revert to severe autocratic methods in order to enforce the authority of his second son who has been appointed Regent. These methods may succeed for a time in preventing the disintegration of Jordan. But unless we are prepared to deal dramatically with the problem of refugee settlement and so to appease nationalist agitation, we can expect Abdullah's murder to have the same consequences as that of General Rasmara in Persia.

The Teheran Plan

Mr. Harriman seems to have opened the negotiation pipeline between Teheran and London. The Persian Government has at last agreed to receive an official British delegation, and the terms that it is reported to have suggested for the talks by no means preclude agreement: they include a substantial cash payment of royalties from Anglo-Iranian, and the formation of some kind of joint company to handle oil distribution and marketing. Dr. Moussadeq seems to have discovered that he cannot find the technicians elsewhere that he would need to handle production, and to be ready at least for the interim retention of British technicians. The real point at issue remains one of principle. Britain is to be asked to accept the oil nationalisation law and to concede the formation of a Persian Oil Company, on whose behalf the joint distribution company would act. Now unless the British Government accepts the fact that Persian ownership also must mean that Persians must share in control, the despatch of Lord Jowitt will do little good. The Lord Chancellor must be given a clear mandate on policy, which concedes that the oil is Persia's and goes on to discuss the technical arrangements that this implies. It would be folly to throw away this second chance to work out a Persian policy that makes sense.

The Psychic Bid

Mr. Attlee devoted a great part of his speech to the Durham Miners last Saturday to a defence of the arms programme against the arguments in the leading article "Think of a Number" which appeared in this journal on July 14. He categorically denied our statement that the choice of the programme was "a psychic bid." "It is true," he went on, "that when the programme was announced it had not been worked out in every detail, but it was nevertheless based on a definite programme of Forces, and of the equipment which it was estimated could be produced within the period."

The Prime Minister has missed the point of our argument. We are well aware that the arms expenditure can be related to a given strength of armed Forces. Indeed the progressive stepping up of the Estimates specifically reflects the Government's intention to bring forward from 1956 or 1957 to 1954 the date by which the balanced Forces desired by the Chiefs of Staff can be ready for action. What we asserted was that the decision to increase the defence programme from £3,600 million to £4,700 million was taken to appease American impatience with the reluctance of Western Europe to toe the line and not in order to meet any changed estimate of military need.

Nothing in the development of the international situation between last September, when the £3,600 million programme was announced, and last December, when it was raised to £4,700 million, justifies the view that what was right at the earlier date was wrong later. On the other hand, as Critic recalled in the same issue of this journal, great importance was attached by the British Government to the substantial aid expected from Washington. It was an ill-considered, unsuccessful—indeed psychic—bid to secure this assistance which dictated the otherwise inexplicable increase in the programme. Nothing which Mr. Attlee said at Durham refutes this view.

Mr. Bevan and the Policy Statement

The full meeting of the National Executive of the Labour Party took place on Wednesday to consider the draft policy statement for the Party Conference. Its eventual terms will determine the position of Mr. Bevan and his allies on the Executive. They can already point to considerable support from the constituency parties in the Conference agenda which has just been published. At Wednesday's meeting the draft was accepted; but the fact that no resignations have yet been announced, does not in itself indicate an amicable settlement. On the somewhat misty precedent of the pacifists in World War I, it is now even being questioned in some quarters whether the doctrine of collective responsibility can be held to apply fully to the National Executive. In any case, that doctrine does not demand the resignation of the dissentients before the publication of the document. That cannot be before the end of August. In the meantime, Mr. Bevan is obviously not anxious to show his hand too quickly. In this attitude of caution he has some support from outside his own group. Mr. Dalton, for instance, and one or two others of the shrewder members of the Executive believe that it is right to stall for the present, in the hope that something will turn up which will enable the Party to proceed to the annual Conference in October and an election without the catastrophe of a serious split.

Mr. Morrison's friends, on the other hand, are suggesting that he would prefer a showdown now in a final attempt to crush Mr. Bevan before he can rally too much support. In normal circumstances Mr. Morrison can count on getting his way. But in this case Mr. Attlee has a direct interest. We do not know whether he is seriously inclined towards an autumn election; but he will certainly wish to retain the power of choice. The one sure consequence of a real split in the Labour Party within the next couple of months would be the impossibility of an election in October or November. So, unless Mr. Attlee has already made up his mind to "hang on regardless," his influence is probably being used on Mr. Dalton's side in favour of playing for time. Meanwhile Mr. Bevan has gone off to Yugoslavia for a month's rest without giving any public indication of his next move. The night of the long knives may lie ahead, but not this side of the summer holiday.

De Gasperi Tries Again

Signor De Gasperi resigned with his Government on July 16, after severe criticism from within his own Christian Democratic party. He now returns to office without the participation of the Liberal and Social-Democratic parties, who will continue, however, to vote for him in Parliament. This new "Government of all the Titles"—Sforza is to be Minister for European Affairs, for instance, and Pella Minister for International Economic Co-ordination, whatever that may mean—suggests a further decline in the influence of the Christian Democrats, and reflects their failure to cope effectively with Italy's many desperate problems. Within their own ranks they are pressed hard from two sides: the landowning interests which govern their Right Wing are apparently hopeful of frustrating even the small measure of land reform envisaged for the South, while the Dossetti group on the Left, Catholic reformists, have long smarted under De Gasperi's obstinate conservatism in social policy. Over and above these feuds, there is another in the rivalry between the larger financial corporations and the many small businessmen who have alike looked for salvation through De Gasperi. The first have accepted willingly an economic deflation which has helped them through their post-war difficulties while making life exceedingly difficult for the small businessman: the small businessmen, understandably enough, have resented deflation and called repeatedly on the Government to loosen its purse strings. It is in deference to them that De Gasperi has had to move Pella from the Ministry of Finance, though it is not certain whether Pella's policy will go with him.

Dr. Burhop and the Press

Dr. Burhop gives a disquieting account of the behaviour of newspaper men who had learnt that he had been asked to surrender his passport. Though no official disclosure of this fact had been made, on Friday the news reached a newspaper, which at once sent a reporter and a photographer to Mrs. Burhop's door. She sensibly refused to discuss her husband's affairs. They hung round until Dr. Burhop himself arrived home at 9 o'clock. They waylaid him at the street corner and cross-examined him. He, too, refused to commit himself and, when the photographer tried to snap him, entered the back of the house and refused to answer the door-bell. The two journalists invaded his garden; finding the french windows open, one of them entered the lounge. There he found not Dr. Burhop but his father, on a visit from Australia, and Mrs. Burhop, who called her husband. Dr. Burhop said he would 'phone the police and did. The gentleman of the press then withdrew, shouting, according to Mrs. Burhop's statement, "You'll be sorry for this!" They retreated before the arrival of the police who promised to keep a motor-cycle patrol in the neighbourhood. Between 11 and

12 p.m. a number of cars drew up and about a dozen pressmen besieged the house, keeping their fingers on the door-bell for five minutes at a stretch until Dr. Burhop disconnected it. They prowled round the house until a police patrol warned them off. They returned at intervals until between 3 and 4 a.m.

Next day, the persecution was renewed by relays of pressmen trying to trap him into an admission and a statement. Finally Dr. Burhop decided to make a statement to those newspapers which he regarded as trustworthy, but three journalists to whom he did not talk refused to leave until he again called the police. Meanwhile, of course, the whole neighbourhood was drawing the worst conclusions about Dr. Burhop.

How Dead is Pétain?

Our Paris correspondent writes: There were so many false alarms about Pétain in the last few years that, when the old man actually died on Monday morning, France heaved something like a sigh of relief. As the recent election victory of the Pétainist candidate in Paris, M. Isorni, showed, Pétain remained, when he was still alive, something of a problem, or rather a *cas de conscience* to many of his fellow countrymen. Many who rationally remembered how gravely he had sinned against his country still felt instinctively that there was something ungracious and unworthy about continuing to "punish" a man who was more dead than alive, though to rehabilitate him completely would have meant, in effect, whitewashing and forgiving all those who had been directly or indirectly associated with the Vichy regime.

The French Government had, therefore, for a long time, been in a political dilemma. Vichy to-day—just like the Nazi regime in Germany—has an increasingly large number of outspoken defenders, but still remains awkward for the Government to condone openly. Besides having been the ideal reactionary regime—the answer to many years of the French bourgeoisie's prayer—it had also persecuted the Resistance and unquestionably helped Nazi Germany in mobilising its armies of slave labour. No doubt many Frenchmen are secretly grateful to Vichy for having "limited the damage" but this must not be officially admitted.

By refusing to allow Pétain to be buried at Verdun, the Government has, in fact, refused to allow the absurd and, in some ways sinister, memory of the *Chef de l'Etat Français* to be completely eclipsed by the earlier memory of the "Hero of Verdun." For one thing, historians of the 1914-18 war have established fairly conclusively that Pétain would have lost the great battle but for General Nivelle, who refused to be swayed by Pétain's innate pessimism and defeatism.

For all that, Pétain will remain a symbol for years to come, and not for a long time will Frenchmen cease to quarrel on whether, in 1940, Pétain was right or wrong. Regardless of the peculiarities of the Vichy regime, any kind of war to-day is bound to raise, in militarily weak countries, even more acutely than in 1940 the question of "national survival at any price."

Meanwhile the defeat of the Premier Designate, M. René Mayer, occasioned no surprise. His programme implicitly provided for the formation of a Government on only the very narrowest party basis, and satisfied nobody.

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PARLIAMENT: Privilege and Authority

Wednesday.

APART from the debate on the B.B.C. and Mikardo's speech in the debate on Rearmament, the week's discussions have for the most part been variants on an ancient theme. The Education debate—final refuge of enthusiasm—was the worst in six years.

Not even the Rearmament debate could catch fire. The House gave applause to Mikardo's criticism of the size, cost and necessity of "this vast dislocation of an economy," acquiescence to its continuance, and courteously sceptical inattention to the remaining speeches, in which nobody even pretended to answer Mikardo's "Front Bench" oration on behalf of H. M. Bevanite Opposition. The prevailing mood was rather: "Rearm we must; if we bust, we bust."

The Commons' greatest interest last week was to assert its rights before the Executive, the King and the World Outside. It began on Wednesday, with a passage at arms with the Lords to remind them of the limits of their authority. Their Lordships had presumed to introduce a tiny financial provision into a Bill. It might have slipped through, it was so small, but Mr. Speaker spotted it. Sternly he ordered that the Bill should be laid aside. The Chief Whip moved that that should be done. The House approved it.

Next, the House asserted its privileges against Mr. Speaker's own ruling. On the matter of the obstruction of a member on his way to Parliament by the police, Mr. Speaker ruled there was no *prima facie* breach of privilege. Mr. Silverman straightaway invited the House to dissent from Mr. Speaker's ruling. Later, Reg. Paget and Nye Bevan tabled a motion asking the House, despite Mr. Speaker, to refer the complaint to the Committee of Privileges.

On the evening of the same day, the House took protection against the World Outside. Hell, said the Bard, hath no fury like a woman scorned. Even on equal pay. For on Wednesday, in protest against the rejection of that claim, several hundred women civil servants mobbed the House so violently that the doors had to be locked against them, for the first time since the palmy days of Mrs. Pankhurst. Then, like their mothers, the gathered regiment beat upon the locked doors chanting "We want Gaitskell"—who, however, busy or wise, did not appear.

It was on Wednesday also that the President of the Board of Trade and the Minister of Supply had to come in penance to the House to seek indemnity against the penalties which might follow their practice of laying Orders (183 in all) contrary to the rights of the Commons. On Tuesday night their petition was debated. For two hours the Ministers were tortured and their whole policy of delegated legislation discussed, not without malice, before, chastened but absolved, they were permitted to creep away.

On Friday, full of the success of the new pugnacity, the Commons felt strong enough to raise again the 1640 conflict of authority between King and Parliament. A motion was tabled, signed by some 160 Labour and Liberal members (but by no Tory whatsoever) praying the King to transfer the administration, management and staffing of the palace from the Lord Great Chamberlain to a joint Committee of both Houses.

TOM WILLIAMS

"Island Arrest"

THE impounding of the passport of Dr. Burhop, on the ground that by his journey to Moscow he may willingly (or even unwillingly) serve the purposes of the Soviet Union, has implications far beyond the individual case. Dr. Burhop is an academic scientist, Reader in Physics at London University College. He was one of the many scientists who took part in the wartime research that led to the atomic bomb. Those aspects of atomic work on which he was then engaged have long since been declassified, and he has not been engaged on any secret work since 1945. But he has been an active member, first, of the Atomic Scientists' Association, formed to enlighten public opinion on the meaning and significance of atomic energy, and secondly of the Association of Scientific Workers, the trade union which represents, among others, the atomic scientists. What he is likely to know about the developments of recent researches on the atomic bomb can only have been obtained by reading from published sources and exercising a trained scientific mind.

Like all his colleagues in nuclear physics, Dr. Burhop is a prisoner of his own knowledge and a hostage of his own brain. These scientists can never disencumber themselves of what they know and what they think; their brain-cells are "classified." Whom these scientists meet, what they do, and where they go are subjects of suspicion. They are men with a load of mischief which they can never unload. They could renounce nuclear physics, take Holy Orders or sell newspapers in the streets but, to Security, they would still be dangerous men whose movements must be suspect and circumscribed. Like Midas, they might dig a hole and whisper their knowledge into it but as far as Security is concerned the very leaves would mutter "$E=mc^2$." If they are not under "house arrest," they are under "island arrest."

Where is this persecution to end? Are all scientists, remotely connected with atomic energy, to be forbidden foreign travel? They would not need to take a ticket to Moscow—St. Malo would be far enough. Abroad, they might be kidnapped; they might take an aperitif too many; they might meet, as is their wont, scientists in international conferences and in the indiscretion of pure science disclose too much, though what "too much" is only Security knows. And that means scientific suffocation, because it is only by free exchange of information and views that science can function.

There is a danger that the man in the street will treat this restriction on the liberties of these "special" citizens as an abnormal case which does not directly concern him. Why worry if a few dons are put under "island arrest," especially when he remembers the extent of the assistance to the Soviet Union rendered by Fuchs and Pontecorvo? After all, he will be inclined to argue, it is no violation of democracy to limit the freedom of a minority for the sake of the security of the vast majority of their fellow citizens.

That this is a superficial view becomes clear when we consider the full implications of Mr. Morrison's decision to impound Dr. Burhop's passport. As recently as in the 1930s, a passport was not regarded as a permit to leave the country but as evidence that the holder was a British

citizen entitled to assistance from British diplomatic and consular officials overseas. It was left to the receiving country to discriminate by granting or refusing a visa: the right of exit was not in question. A court of justice might frustrate a potential fugitive from the law by holding his passport as a condition of bail. A bankrupt filing his petition might be requested to surrender his passport to an official receiver. But in each case this was a sanction against a citizen who had erred and not the removal of the citizen's right to travel abroad. A passport, in fact, was a *carte d'identité* which the citizen had the right to demand from the Foreign Office; for which he paid and which he was counselled to guard as valuable personal property.

Gradually, first owing to wartime restrictions on movement, then as a by-product of currency restrictions, and now as a means of preventing espionage, the character of the British passport has changed. It is rapidly becoming an exit permit. Even two years ago passports signed by Ernest Bevin—the Foreign Secretary who so passionately desired to create a world in which one might leave Victoria Station without a passport or a visa—appeared with a proviso printed in small type which no one bothered about. "This passport," so ran the proviso, "remains the property of H.M.G. and may be withdrawn if the holder ceases to be entitled to the protection of H.M.G." A citizen was still *entitled* to his passport except under certain (unspecified) circumstances. The passports issued signed to-day by Mr. Herbert Morrison lack this assurance that we are entitled to leave the country. Now the proviso reads that it "can be withdrawn at any time." Syllable by syllable the rights of the free citizen are being whittled away. The case of Dr. Burhop raises two distinct issues of civil liberty. In the first place there is the problem of how to retain for the scientist the spiritual freedom without which he cannot do his work and of which the right to travel and discuss with fellow scientists is an essential part. In the second place we have to defend the right of the free man, specifically guaranteed in Magna Carta, to travel abroad. By changing the conditions on which passports are issued and by withdrawing Dr. Burhop's passport, the Foreign Secretary has imperilled both these kinds of freedom.

Report from America

I. Arms from the Horn of Plenty

European observers of the complex American pattern, wondering anxiously how far its development will impinge for good or ill on their own lives, are confronted with two questions of moment. First, to what extent will rearmament engender in the U.S.—and, by extension, in the rest of the "free" world—a damaging inflation? That is, can the U.S. produce both guns *and* butter for itself without buying up supplies of materials on a scale which will both create scarcities and send prices soaring further upwards? Secondly, is there—immediately or in prospect—a danger of it becoming too difficult to put the rearmament gear into "neutral" without economic or social consequences from which Americans will shrink? In other words, given the interplay of all the forces, economic and political, making in the U.S. for peace or war, is there a danger of America reaching the "point of no return"?

The present position in the United States seems at first sight somewhat paradoxical. The usual picture painted in British Socialist circles of a run-away inflation due to a wage spiral is not borne out by the facts. Indeed, despite a Defence programme unparalleled in peace time and surpassing even Hitler's efforts before mobilisation, the country is undoubtedly experiencing a very slight set-back. It is worth asking ourselves how this could have come about.

In the first place, actual Defence expenditure is not yet fully under way. Although it is planned to reach an annual rate of over $60 billions between now and next June, it actually attained only half that rate in the first six months of 1951. In the second place, although there has been no fall in real wages, and although consumption increased by some 5 per cent. in 1950 as compared with 1949 and is still rising, the increase in money wages has so far been very moderate. Average wage rates per hour rose between July, 1949, and April, 1951, only from 140 to 157 cents. So far there is no wages spiral. In the third place the huge yield of taxes has had a deflationary influence. Instead of the expected $3 billion deficit on the current year, there was a surplus of $4 billions. This sum may be small in comparison with a total gross investment of $60 billion, but it is marginally of considerable importance. Personal savings, which always tend in America to rise when times are good, have also helped to prevent the run-away inflation. Moreover, though distributed dividends are not, as in Britain, subject to discriminatory taxation and a larger proportion of profits is usually paid out, it is a remarkable fact that gross profits in the period of the post-Korea boom have risen much more than distributed dividends. Indeed, in the last quarter of 1950 retained profits were nearly $15 billions, against under $9 billions a year earlier.

But all these factors are of secondary importance. The most important single cause which has prevented inflation has been the astonishing expansion of industrial production. To the British observer this is impressive beyond all imagination. An increase of some 13 per cent. in employment has been accompanied by a 20 per cent. rise in productivity per head, and since Korea the American economy has achieved an expansion of nearly 36 per cent. in the output of manufactures. This is why, after the initial scramble to buy when war clouds gathered in the Far East, it was possible to restrict the rise in retail prices to about 12 per cent. over the last twelve months. Simultaneously, private fixed investments in plant have been greatly stepped up and considerable stocks accumulated. So far the U.S.A. has managed to obtain "rearmament and the whole cow" and it is this which has made possible the current slight setback which I noted above.

What of the future? The accumulation of stocks should act as a cushion against the inflationary shock of the defence programme as it really gets under way this winter. With inventories standing at nearly $70 billions, a very substantial de-cumulation over the coming year would still leave business with workable stocks. Indeed, nearly half of the projected arms programme could be taken care of by this process. On the other hand, it would be difficult for the Administration to enforce any spectacular reduction of stock piles. Unlike the British Government, the Administration is still granting private enterprise special depreciation allowances on investments to offset against taxation. And there is no reason to doubt the capacity of American industry still further to increase its output.

But there are limits to this process. No longer is there a large pool of unemployed to be absorbed into production, and the rate of increase, therefore, is likely to be slower than in the past few years. Thus, it is hardly to be expected that the planned doubling in the rate of Defence expenditure can be carried without some inflationary pressure this autumn and winter. There may be some decline in real consumption. It is more likely that the tendency will be to increase imports. This might give Britain a temporary artificial means of selling to America; but a damaging effect would be renewal of inflationary pressure on world supplies of raw materials, and a deterioration in the terms of trade for Britain and other European countries.

There appears to be little realisation in the U.S. of this danger to America's European associates. Nor does it seem to be appreciated that some of these allies are carrying a disproportionately heavy share of the total burden of rearmament—whether measured as a percentage of available manpower or of national income above a minimum needed to maintain life. Britain, for example, is to-day spending on Defence no less than 9 per cent. of a gross annual product of less than $700 per head, whereas the U.S. share represents only 8 per cent. out of a gross product per head of over $2,000. Even though the U.S. Defence burden in cash per head is planned greatly to exceed the British, the burden relative to "free income" next year will be still far higher in Britain. The very fact that the U.S. is to-day pressing Europe for a relaxation of import controls—a move which would merely accentuate Europe's dependence economically on America—shows how little understanding there is in Washington of the European problem.

To sum up:

(1) The capacity for expansion of the U.S. economy is far greater than was expected by most economic experts, and this is the main factor in so far preventing a run-away inflation.

(2) Rearmament has up till now brought no sacrifice to the American people. On the contrary, consumption is still rising.

(3) There is some likelihood of renewed inflationary pressure this winter. But this will almost certainly have much more unfavourable effects abroad than in the United States.

Minneapolis, July. T. Balogh

London Diary

On Thursday, July 19, Alistair Cooke, the best of present-day foreign correspondents, was given space in the *Manchester Guardian* to state some of the reasons why America insisted on having bases in Spain, in spite of British and American protests. Americans, he said, find that the British, who now make their own atom bombs, tend to dislike "the notion of Britain as an American air strip in Europe"; they prefer countries like Spain which are "hopelessly dependent on the United States," and they no longer pay attention to questions of "sentiment," being interested only in military technique. This emphasis on Spanish bases will be justified in America, he says, by references to Burgess and Maclean to prove that "Britain is more vulnerable to well-bred Trojan horses" than America. Alistair Cooke's outspoken article was headed "Chiefs of Staff demand an obedient ally"—which is as good a summary of the situation as could be made in seven words. I was pleased to see this piece of honesty in the *Manchester Guardian*, because it has tended recently to denounce anyone who says anything that is both unkind and true about the U.S. as guilty of the strange new crime of "anti-Americanism"—which is somehow so much worse than anti-Britishism in America. We are not, I'm glad to say, quite at the point of re-writing Scott's aphorism: "Facts (except those distasteful to the State Department) are sacred, and comment (except where it fails to follow the Washington line) is free.

* * *

A colleague present at the Durham Miners' Gala last Saturday found no sign of the apathy and debilitation sometimes observed among those situated farther from the heart of British Socialism than County Durham. The police estimate that 300,000 men, women and children crowded into Durham City for the Big Meeting. They came from all over the coalfield, by bus and train, on bicycle and on foot. They marched through the city under their Lodge banners to the cacophony of a hundred brass bands. They thronged the pavements and the balconies, applauding the procession, recognising the famous. And every now and then they fell momentarily still at the passage of a banner, proudly borne, whose bright colours were obscured by the black veiling which indicates a fatal accident in the last twelve months. All the morning the procession wound its way down to the racecourse; under the giant railway viaduct, past the Cathedral, across the old, stone bridges which seem to swing with the tramp of feet; past the County Hotel, deserted to-day by the "County," where Mr. and Mrs. Attlee sitting modestly at a window receive a warm, respectful ovation and Mr. Shinwell, standing outside on a balcony, waves to his electors, in return for a storm of cheerful, ironical applause; past the Shire Hall bolted and empty for the day (most of the officials are attending the Gala), and up to the gaol, where the band makes a special effort, fortissimo, to remind those inside that Big Meeting Day goes on as usual; and so, finally, down into the great natural saucer, once a racecourse, where uplift and polity mingle together in an indescribable *mélange* of hymn-singing and hurdy-gurdies, paper hats and political platitudes.

* * *

This year the speakers were the Prime Minister and Arthur Horner on one platform, the Foreign Secretary and Michael Foot on the other—each a spicy mixture. Never was such an opportunity for the speech of a political lifetime. In the event, Michael Foot came nearest of the politicians to the great tradition of Gala rhetoric. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison were laboured and defensive. The latter, indeed, read a great part of his speech, forgetting that even Foreign Secretaries are expected to have a fling at the Gala. There was general agreement that the honours went to Arthur Horner, who talked about coal. He knew his subject and he felt it. So did his audience. Only during his speech did one feel the strength of the spiritual tie which binds miners together everywhere, an aristocracy separated from the rest of the community by a shared skill and a shared danger.

* * *

I suspect that the comparative failure of the speeches lay in something more subtle than the personalities of the two main speakers. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison seem to have considered that the occasion was favourable for reading into the record a painstaking defence of their recent policies. This disregards the mood and tradition of the Gala. It also shows them to be unaware of a certain restiveness which, I am told, is evident even in loyalist Durham. The political fortunes of the Durham coalfield are often said to be largely managed by a triumvirate, consisting of Mr. Sam Watson, secretary of the Durham Miners' Association and most influential trade unionist of the Labour Party inner circle, Mr. Shinwell and Mr. William Whiteley, the chief Government Whip. By position or prestige they command a most formidable political machine, equally powerful in the Lodges and the local Labour Parties. They are warming it up for action against Mr. Bevan. But for the first time there are signs of underlying revolt. A great many miners and some of the Lodges openly express themselves on the Bevanite side. Many are reluctant to declare themselves, but are deeply resentful of the great concentration of power and patronage vested in their leaders. The men and women of Durham have an unwavering faith in the Labour Party and in their own particular brand of "gas and water" Socialism. But I detect a certain weakening of personal devotion to their well-entrenched leaders, a scepticism about the infallibility of Mr. Watson's paternal circulars, Mr. Shinwell's habit-forming oratory and Mr. Whiteley's personal beneficence. All this may amount to little more than the continual revolt of the young against the old. But if Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison bothered to notice the diminuendo of applause between their initial appearance on their platforms and their rather less closely attended perorations, they might give a thought to the sound political maxim that the most acceptable—and enduring—form of leadership comes from in front and not from on top. The Durham miners will cast their official votes at this year's Party Conference as Mr. Watson tells them; but many of the delegates will be drawing deep on their reserves of loyalty as they do so.

* * *

The last thing that Robert Flaherty looked like was a film producer. Every time you met him, you were reminded of that descriptive American phrase—the "Senator from over the Ridge." The craggy face, the silver locks falling from under the wide-brimmed black hat, the black bow-tie and pleated shirt-front, all these suggested the character actor in a film about Washington. Yet, for all his achievements in the cinema, Flaherty was a modest man. You would see him at some film festival, fidgeting uncomfortably while he was lionised by admirers, happy when he could get in a corner with some friends and talk quietly about music or painting. He was at his best with simple people—the Eskimoes of the sub-Arctic, about whom he wrote a memorable book and whose life he captured for us in "Nanook of the North," or the people of the Aran Islands, or the South Seas, or even of the bayous of Louisiana. His films, like him, were utterly unpretentious, but they were masterpieces, and any season of revivals must inevitably include one or other of them. He was the great advocate of naturalism in the cinema and the real creator of the documentary film. I think it is typical of his vigour that, at the time of his death, he was still an explorer. He was no longer able to travel to the odd corners of the earth; but he was making the first feature film for a new three-dimensional technique which Hollywood is beginning to think may be its answer to the challenge of television.

* * *

The news that the Abbey Theatre has gone is rather like hearing that *Punch* has at last been carried off by the public hangman. In a year or two, we shall be able to shake our greying heads and tell our youngers and betters that they should have known it in the old days. That was true, of course, before the theatre went up in flames. But now they can't argue with us. We can talk about Synge and O'Casey and F. J. McCormick and we'll hope to make them properly envious. For years, Dublin has been promised a rebuilt Abbey, a revised policy for the Abbey, a return to the old Abbey, a penitent Abbey, more of the same Abbey. Now they'll have to decide what kind of Abbey they really want. Everyone agrees that the fire went out of the Abbey years before the smoke. The question is whether there is the right kind of timber in Dublin to-day to re-light it.

* * *

Some day there will be a collection of Churchill stories and a learned argument about which are authentic and which invented *ben trovato*. The other day, for instance, I was told as a real Winston *mot* the story of how, when he first heard a speech by a Conservative M.P., Mr. Arthur Bossom, Mr. Churchill inquired who he was. On being told his name Mr. Churchill is said to have muttered audibly: "Curious sort of name. Neither one thing nor the other, is it?" I am now informed that this remark

was really made not by Mr. Churchill but by Stanley Baldwin—which somehow seems to lessen the impact of the story. On the other hand, no one has yet to my knowledge challenged the authenticity of my favourite about the Archbishop. (It's time I wrote this story down because since I first told it to a friend in Lloyd's it's been going round so fast that it is beginning to come back to me from the City.) It is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury was complaining, as Archbishops regularly do, that his emoluments were insufficient because of the huge establishments he is compelled to keep up. "It's really very difficult," he said. "Why, Lambeth Palace alone has forty bedrooms." "Oh!" said Mr. Churchill. "Now I understand your embarrassment, Archbishop. After all, you only have Thirty-nine Articles."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

If there are five empty seats and I say the bus is full, the bus is full.—Conductor of a No. 96 bus. —*Evening Standard.* (D. Welch.)

The latest thing in fur coats is made of rabbit fur which has been dyed to resemble the Royal Stewart tartan.—*People's Journal.* (A. M. Cameron.)

Three men found behind dustbins said they were only "playing follow-my-leader," and were bound over on a charge of loitering with intent to break into shops.—*News Chronicle.* (D. W. Jex.)

Moscow News

WHAT is now currently known as the Soviet "peace offensive" is generally considered to have begun on June 23, the day Mr. Malik made his famous U.N. broadcast proposing peace talks in Korea. It may be argued—and has been argued on the Soviet side—that the Malik broadcast contained nothing very new, and was perfectly consistent with the "peace policy" the Soviet Union had been advocating "for years," and especially, in the case of Korea, since the day when Nehru's peace-feeler, early on in the war, was wholeheartedly welcomed by Stalin himself. There seems little doubt that, whatever were the exact circumstances of the outbreak of the Korean war, the Russians were anxious to see it end from the moment they had realised that it was threatening to develop into a more general war and was, in any case, leading to large-scale rearmament in the United States and Western Europe.

The situation, however, was often extremely tricky: there were times when it could be held that it was highly dangerous for Russia to make any peace moves, in case these were interpreted by an overheated American opinion as a sign of weakness and played straight into the hands of the MacArthur school. The sharp tone of Mr. Molotov's Warsaw speech suggests that such misgivings still persist in Moscow. There are even indications that for a time, especially after the dismissal of MacArthur, the Kremlin decided that, since American rearmament could not be stopped in any case, the war in Korea might as well develop into a war of attrition. Two months ago Moscow opinion held, a friend reports, that it was less dangerous to allow the Americans to get bogged down in Korea "for another year or two" than to see them concentrate their energies in Europe, and particularly in Germany.

But this relatively comfortable attitude did not last. Perhaps the Chinese-Korean May offensive showed that the war was becoming more costly, in terms of casualties, than the Russians had thought earlier, and there were clear signs of disillusion on both sides. This, in itself, would not perhaps have been sufficient to induce the Russians to try to call off the war in Korea; but there may have been other motives at work. The deadlock at the Palais Rose showed that there was no hope of a Foreign Ministers' Council meeting on Germany. Suppose a truce could be arranged in Korea, there might be a chance of the Foreign Ministers conferring on a Japanese Peace Treaty as a first step to wider talks on a general settlement. In any event, the psychological moment was well chosen. In Europe, as well as in America, the Malik proposal was greeted with immense relief, despite angry voices, like that of Mr. David Lawrence in the *Herald-Tribune*, who called it a devilish trap which would sap America's war-like spirit and undermine her rearmament drive and that of her Allies.

Since then, Russia has shown other "signs of goodwill," and of a determination to convince the West that all its fears of a Russian invasion are absurd. In all sorts of contexts the Russian press has been reiterating Stalin's phrase about the possibility of "peaceful coexistence" between the capitalist half and the Socialist half of the world; and, last week, Moscow started publishing an English magazine called *News*, the main theme of which is the absence of any fundamental quarrel between the Soviet Union on the one hand and Britain and the United States on the other. The reactions in the world press have been interesting to watch. In France, for example, even anti-Communist papers like *Franc-Tireur* hailed the Soviet "peace offensive" as something that could not and must not be ignored if Europe was to stop her deadly course down the slippery slope of rearmament and impoverishment. On the other hand, the more orthodox, thoroughly "Americanised" press fumed with rage at the very thought that anyone could be impressed by all this, and urged that not a moment's respite should be given to the fulfilment of the Atlantic Pact, that Germany should be rearmed without delay, an agreement should be made with Franco, and so on.

It is important to try to see the whole thing clearly. First of all, one has to distinguish between the Russian "peace campaign" before June 23, and the "peace offensive" inaugurated by Mr. Malik. The two are not quite identical. The "offensive" comes under the heading of "Government action," the "campaign" under the heading of "mass movement"; and, as we shall see, it was the relative failure of the mass movement that necessitated the more direct intervention of official Soviet spokesmen. Besides, it is clear that even if Moscow placed some reliance on the effectiveness of "mass movements" at this stage of history—and it was, clearly, beginning to lose faith in their effectiveness—these could only be of value on a long-term basis; and there are plenty of indications that, by the middle of June, Moscow decided that there was no more time to lose, in the vague hope that "peace movements" in the various countries would do the trick. In America, moreover, such movements were becoming less and less effective as a counterblast to rearmament and war propaganda, while in Western Europe there were growing signs of intimidation being used against all who were not willing to toe the official "Atlantic Pact" line. It is significant that *Pravda* should have given prominence to a story about the *gleichschaltung* of the *Monde*, which—though anti-Communist—had been notorious for its highly critical attitude to the Atlantic Pact, and the more dangerous and adventurous aspects of American foreign policy.

Moscow may also have become aware that, with the growing Americanisation of Western Europe, pacifist and neutralist currents were giving way to a certain hopeless fatalism. Feeling both in England and in Western Europe against the atom bomb might still be very strong, and have played its part in restraining the more hot-headed American generals in Korea; but the British surrender over Formosa, for example, not to mention the increasing subservience of France to Washington, probably persuaded Moscow that both England and Western Europe were "slipping." More recently, attention has also been aroused in Moscow by the almost unanimous howls of rage in the British press over the Bevan pamphlet, despite—in the phrase of *Pravda*—"its ignominious attacks on the Soviet Union."

Lastly, it is significant that the final breakdown in Paris occurred over the Western Powers' refusal to discuss the Atlantic Pact and American air bases as one of the "causes of tension." As Malik clearly indicated, these bases, which are discussed every day in the American press in terms of "distances from Soviet targets," are beginning to worry the Soviet leaders—though not yet their people—very seriously. More recently, it was also observed in Moscow that, despite all the "devastating" attacks on the Bevan pamphlet in the British press, every one of these attacks dodged the question of the American bomber bases in Britain, confessing thereby some embarrassment about the whole subject, but, at the same time, condoning in effect the free use of these bases by U.S. atomic bombers.

These bases and Japan appear at the moment a more immediate worry to the Russians than Germany which, in their view, the Americans will find a harder nut to crack than Japan. But on Japan, the Russians have very strong feelings. As *Pravda* wrote on July 16:—

> The State Department's present "peace treaty" has nothing to do with peace. The American draft contains nothing that would safeguard the future security of those countries which have suffered from Japanese aggression in the past. . . . There is no mention of the present American bases in Japan; but in reality, with the signing of the "peace treaty," the American-Japanese military agreement will come into force, in terms of which American bases will be maintained in Japan, ostensibly at the latter's request, as well as the *de facto* occupation of Japan. Since Japan is to supply the main striking force in any future war in Asia, it is not surprising that there should be no mention in the draft treaty of any limitation of Japan's armed forces.

After discussing various forecasts in the American press as to the size of the Japanese army and navy, *Pravda* goes on:—

> Nor does the draft treaty limit in any way Japan's war industries, and everything, indeed, suggests that Japan is to be turned into the Asian arsenal of American imperialism. . . . Forgetting the lessons of history, these imperialists intend, sooner or later, to incite Japan to attack the Soviet Union and China. . . . As a result of Dulles's journey to London and the pressure he brought to bear on the British Government, to whom this treaty with Japan is obviously disadvantageous, Attlee capitulated once again, and agreed to support the exclusion of China—though officially recognised by Britain—from taking part in the Japanese peace treaty.

It is significant that, without stressing Russia's own claims, *Pravda* should insist that, of all countries that must have a say in the matter, China, which fought the Japanese longer than any other, must have top priority in settling Japan's future. It also emphasises that the memorandum of the Indian Government on the subject "coincides, in the main, with the Soviet point of view."

To sum up, the present objective of Soviet policy seems to be to secure a Big Power conference which would, if possible, bring about a

world-wide *modus vivendi* for several years to come. The Soviet proposal for a cease-fire in Korea must be considered as a first step in that direction; and Moscow may well have believed that, in return for its "good offices" in Peking, the Soviet Union and China would not be presented with a *fait accompli* in the matter of Japan.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Fair Shares in Electricity

II. RATIONALISING CONSUMPTION

OPINIONS differ how far the peak load problem is attributable to the low price of electricity, and how far, or how quickly, it could be remedied by a change in prices. A criticism often levied is that the domestic tariff structure encourages consumption, and that the charges are often such as not to cover the marginal cost of the supply. Certainly the combined effect of relative cheapness during the last ten years and the shortages of other fuels has been to build up a cold-weather load which is economically embarrassing to the industry and disastrous to the nation. But it is clear that tariff adjustments by themselves will not solve the immediate peak load problem. Two years ago, a nation-wide experiment was made with a seasonal tariff differential, in the form of a winter surcharge and summer rebate as recommended by the Clow Committee. This experiment was not repeated, and there was general agreement that its effect on the peak load was inconsiderable, and that it takes "a whale of a differential" to prevent a consumer from switching on his fire on a cold morning.

Moreover, those who would solve the present electricity shortage by the simple expedient of putting up the domestic price fail to realise that what would be needed is not a mere change in magnitude but a complete upheaval of the whole tariff structure. The quantity which is recorded on the twelve million existing domestic meters, namely, the total energy consumption over a period, is not the quantity that is short, namely, the maximum power (or *rate* of consumption) at particular times. It follows that, if price differentials by themselves are not quick enough nor positive enough, there must be physical restriction, which in turn implies some basis of allocation.

Restrictive devices of sorts are available. They are capable of limiting consumers to their legitimate or essential requirements, if one could but decide what these requirements are. This is the rock on which so many proposals have been shipwrecked. If one takes any ten urban households at random, they probably employ ten different combinations of electricity, gas and solid-fuel room-heating, cooking and water-heating. An allowance which would be ample for one of these services would be quite inadequate when all three were electrical. If a special allowance were made for each of the major services, the difficulties of definition and enforcement would be enormous.

The defect of the seasonal tariff was that, whilst distinguishing between winter and summer consumption, it was unable to distinguish between the danger hours and the safe periods of the winter day. The target remains: how to charge less for a well-diversified all-year load —*e.g.*, for cooking and water-heating—and more for the cold-weather space-heating load which falls right on the peak; and, when there is not enough electricity to go round, how to maintain an uninterrupted supply for essentials. The writer's suggestion is that each consumer should be entitled to an uncontrolled supply at all times sufficient for the basic needs which are common to all consumers—lighting, radio and miscellaneous small-power items. Secondly, he should "earn" the right to certain additional peak-time consumption by means of consumption during the summer months. In so far, therefore, as he used electricity for cooking, water-heating, etc., throughout the year, he would be entitled to an additional uncontrolled allowance. Beyond this point, winter consumption which is not balanced by any corresponding summer consumption (*i.e.*, broadly, cold-weather heating) would be liable to restriction at times of plant shortage.

For this purpose each controlled consumer would be provided with a limit switch set to his maximum allotted current but controlled from a central point so as to be out of action except at peak times. There are several ways of doing this, one of which employs a high frequency "ripple" sent along the supply cables, the apparatus being tuned to receive it like a pre-set wireless receiver. The economics of the proposal can only be represented by a series of "ifs." If, by means of mass production, the cost of the control apparatus and its installation (at present £10 to £15) could be reduced to, say, £5 per consumer, and if it were applied to the two million largest consumers in the country, the investment cost would be £10m. If, at any given peak period, one out of every four of these householders is consuming in excess, and if by central control their loads can be reduced by an average of 2 kilowatts apiece, the amount taken off the peak would be a million kilowatts, *i.e.*, the 1,000 megawatts previously suggested as the consumer's contribution. The cost would, then, be less than one-fifth that of the same capacity of generating plant, though it is hardly fair to compare the cost of giving people what they want with the cost of preventing them from having it. What is certain, however, is that control apparatus can be installed to close some, at least, of the gap more cheaply and much more quickly than by means of additional power stations.

The precise settings would require fuller consideration; but, for illustration, it may be supposed that the basic unrestricted domestic allowance is 1 kilowatt per consumer. In order to avoid having to install limit switches in every house it would be safe to exclude from the scheme all consumers taking less than 2,000 units a year, of which on the average about 700 units could be expected to occur in the two summer quarters. (This exclusion would confine the scheme to about two million consumers and would include almost all the higher-power users.) To this basic allowance would be added an additional uncontrolled load of 1 kilowatt for each complete 500 units of consumption occurring in the two summer quarters.

The operation of the proposal can be appreciated from a single example. Consider a medium-to-large consumer who uses electricity throughout the year for either cooking or water-heating, together with some space-heating, heavy in the winter and spasmodic throughout the rest of the year. His consumption in the two summer quarters is something over 1,000 units and he is therefore entitled to an uncontrolled allowance of 1 + 2 = 3 kilowatts. His limit switch is therefore set at 3 kW but is normally out of action. On a cold winter morning he is using electricity for lighting, wireless, cooking or water-heating, and one or two fires, totalling say 5 kW, when the peak danger arises and his current limiter is brought into action. His lights will then flicker and his other apparatus will operate erratically. He will therefore switch off such apparatus as he can best spare, e.g., the water-heater, one or two fire bars or a cooker element, thus reducing his total load to 3 kW. The lights then cease to flicker, full supply having been restored.

There will, of course, be strong objections from both sides. The Government planners, with plausible arithmetic, will say that if the first 1,000 megawatts can be saved by restrictive apparatus more cheaply than with generating plant, why not the second 1,000? Such arithmetic is faulty. The first few hundred megawatts taken off the peak represent only a few hours' use per annum. The loss in revenue and electrical services is comparatively slight. But the peak is wider at the base, and to remove additional slices causes progressively more disturbance. But perhaps the best argument against relying only upon restrictive measures without a corresponding extra effort to provide additional plant is the general matter of good will of industry and consumer. Why should a special disability fall on particular persons merely because they happen to use electricity instead of gas or coal? How are engineers trained in an expanding and all-purpose service to be persuaded to put this machine in reverse and loyally steer it backwards? The plan must be presented as a joint endeavour with the sacrifices not all on one side, and the restrictions must be paralleled with a genuine extra spurt to provide the householder with what he really wants—more electricity.

DOUGLAS POWER

Prisoners of Prejudice

SOME months ago a middle-aged White man was brought before the magistrate in Capetown, and charged with immorality. Together with his accomplice, a Coloured woman in her early fifties, this White man pleaded guilty. The magistrate was severe with him. Addressing the court in mitigation—I am quoting from *The Rand Daily Mail*—counsel for the defence said that "R. intended marrying this woman, but his divorce was not finalised until after the Immorality Act was promulgated [the Prohibition of Mixed Marriages Act of 1949 is presumably intended]. He approached a priest to marry them, but was told the only place where they could get married was Lourenço Marques. He could not afford that."

A case, one might think, for sympathy rather than sanctions. But the magistrate had another opinion. He inflicted due penalty and said: "Why don't they clear out of this country to where they can carry on as they like?"

It is the theme song of the White man in southern Africa. For history here has dealt hardly with the empire builder. Unlike colonists in other Continents, the Dutchmen and Englishmen who established the Cape Colony failed to exterminate the natives whom they overran and dispossessed. They destroyed the Hottentots and the Bushmen, or absorbed them into a Coloured population which now exceeds a million: but the Bantu proved too many and too enduring. The energetic tribes whom the colonists met beyond the Great Fish River survived their defeat. The Black men became the White men's helots. They passed, as Professor de Kiewiet has remarked, "from barbarism to pauperism"; they were introduced, as others held, to the blessings of White civilisation.

Upon that single but tremendous fact the curious ways of the White man—impelled by such apparently diverse motives as the doctrines of Calvin (embodied in the canon of what Mr. Hogben once called the Much Deformed Church) and the thirst for the profits that come from slave and near-slave labour—have built the emotional and moral hell that is South Africa to-day. The results are more than curious. It is fair to add that they horrify many of the White men themselves. "It was with almost incredulous horror," writes a lady to *The Johannesburg Star*, "that I read the article in Stoep Talk, 'The South African Protection Society,' which has presented its first gold medal to a boy who refused to touch any food for two and a half days, because it was prepared by an Indian cook . . . "

Weird exception? Not really. An almost contemporary circular of the South African Airways Corporation—whose international connections impose inroads on the principle of segregation—contains an instruction "regarding head-covers on the seats of planes" to the effect that "these must be changed immediately if the seat has been used by a Non-European passenger"; and explains that such contaminated articles are by no means to be laundered in the usual way, but must undergo "hygienic processing and dry-cleaning." Air hostesses are to "red-tag" such covers . . .

White people in the Union—except for an honourable and brave minority—are gripped by obsessional mania. They discuss the Racial Question with a morbid intensity that verges on neurotic derangement; and they discuss it, as far as one can see, without pause and without hope. André Siegfried, a conservative observer, lately remarked that he could find nobody in South Africa who was hopeful of a "solution"; my own experience was not much better. In this respect there seems precious little to choose between the United Party and the Nationalists, for both are tied hand-and-foot to a condition of thought in which the Black men, having become helots, shall remain helots. If the Nationalists need near-slave labour for the farms, the United Party needs it for the gold mines: the most that can be said is that the United Party has at any rate the grace to be ashamed from time to time, and to shelter vague yearnings for something better.

The basis of South African racialism, obviously enough, lies deeply embedded in the country's economic structure, which was, until quite lately, almost purely extractive. Diamonds, gold and coal successively saved South Africa from foundering in economic chaos before the turn of the century: all three were peculiarly suited to the use of cheap labour. But so was White farming. Many observers have noted the similarity between Boer and Bantu methods of farming; both systems of cultivation have been based on the assumption of limitless land. Both have tended to mine the land in the easy knowledge that the ruined acres could be freely exchanged for others farther on. But where the Bantu mined the land by trial co-operation, the Afrikaners mined it—and still mine it—by cheap labour. And although the period of primitive accumulation is drawing to an end, and the period of industrialism is beginning, the Whites of South Africa show little or no sign of understanding that their ways too will have to change.

Having omitted to exterminate the Africans, White men have been forced to live with them. Very often, it is true, their manner of doing so reminds the visitor uncomfortably of genocide, for the White man's treatment has often reduced the Black man to conditions of living death. But in terms of civilisation it is probably hard to say who suffers the more from this process of crucifixion—the White man or the Black man. For if it is true that the Black man suffers poverty, disease, contempt, and the imminent danger of extermination by "natural" causes, the White man suffers by losing all touch with a healthy belief in humanity.

Many White men are driven, or are driving themselves, into an emotional corner which looks unpleasantly like madness. They accept situations which, in the light of their professed views, are quite grotesque. They employ Africans to cook their food, to make their beds and clean their clothes, to feed and wash and comfort their children: and yet they hold it abhorrent beyond words to sit at table and travel in the same bus with these Africans, or at all to think of them in terms of a common humanity. The White man in South Africa is dependent in almost every hour of his daily life upon the ministrations of the Black man: but these ministrations, far from mollifying the White man, have become a bondage which he knows no way of throwing off, which gnaws at his sense of security and goes hand-in-hand with a glowing hatred.

In these circumstances the Nationalists are rapidly turning the irreconcilable into the unbearable. No one can be long in this country without sensing strong currents of fear and hatred. "If only they would go away," runs the White man's dream, "if only we could get rid of them": but *they*, like the waves of the sea, rise and run and fall upon the White man's life without remission. In Cape Town one day I spent two hours in conversation with one of the leading ideologists of *Apartheid*. "I admit," he concluded wearily, "that we do not have a hundred per cent. solution. All we can hope to do is to stave them off, stave them off, for as long as we can—and bring in White immigrants in the meantime." Another theoretician of *Apartheid*, the Stellenbosch professor Dr. A. C. Eilliers, is said to have proposed at one point that all the Bantu of South Africa should be shipped in a body "north of the Limpopo" into Rhodesia—a gift which the Rhodesians, struggling to make sense of their own version of *Apartheid*, failed to appreciate.

Apartheid, in any case, is now a tattered little ideology whose rags are too poor and thin to hide the moral and intellectual wretchedness of White thought in South Africa. Ship them north of the Limpopo? Then what about the servant question—what about South African industry? Some years ago the Reddingsdaadbond, a Nationalist-controlled commercial trust, brought out a new cigarette, the *Rembrandt*, which they claimed was made without Black labour and might be smoked by civilised men. Alas, within a short time the factory found itself compelled to have recourse to *them*; and it is *they*, largely, who now produce this racial aristocrat of smokes. Even the purists of *Apartheid* now admit that the White man will never be able to live apart from the Black man.

To problems so feverishly charged with emotion, and even with hysteria, there is patently no straightforward political solution. *Apartheid*, segregation, call it what you will, is the wish-dream of White South Africa. The dream will never come true, and everyone who thinks twice knows this; but the alternative, which is to face realities and build a common society, lies beyond this people's present vision. The myth of racial segregation, meanwhile, carries them forward from crisis to crisis. The world goes on its way, spinning towards racial equality. "Too fast," they cry, "too fast. We are not ready yet." They are waiting, they bitterly explain, for the African to be ready, to catch up with civilisation: then, largely and generously, they will recognise his rights. Ah, but when will that be? And the poor embittered answer comes: "Better never than soon."

BASIL DAVIDSON

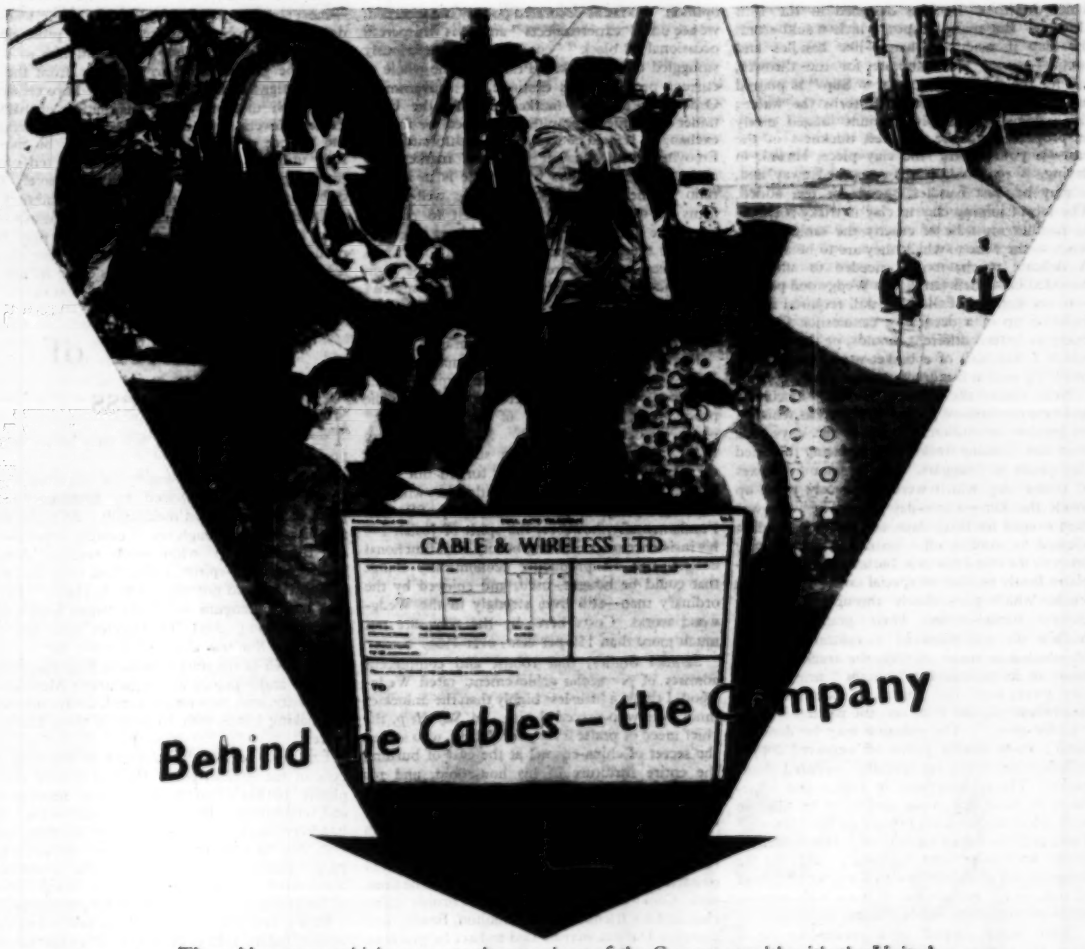
The New Statesman and Nation, July 28, 1951

Barlaston Way

THIS journey of mine to the Five Towns was a revisiting of the glimpses of the moon. (Is there a Potter's, like a Hunter's moon? There should be, in the month of glibly decorative dog-roses.) Twenty years ago, when I last saw the Potteries, Wedgwood ware was still being made in the historic Etruria Works built in 1769. Here and there production methods were being modernised, and experiments tried out in new, improved methods of firing; but, physically, the industry had changed comparatively little in a hundred years. To-day, the Five Towns are still harshly hideous and grimy, for all the authorities' praiseworthy efforts at smoke-abatement. Outside Stoke station, Josiah Wedgwood the First stands in stone whose blackness defies spring-cleaning. From Longton to Burslem, Hanley to Tunstall, the traditional kilns—dwellings and shops huddled meanly round them—still belch black fumes into the outraged sky. Among the workpeople, there is still the old, tough, cheerful kindliness. But one notable change, I found, has taken place: Wedgwood has migrated to the Green Belt, six miles away, at Barlaston, where the new factory externally bears little or no visible sign that it is a potworks. With only one small chimney serving the powerhouse, this might be the home of any light industry you please: it is not until your nose meets, as you enter, the clean, unforgettable smell of unfired clay, blent with the sharp, oily scent of pigments, that you realise what you are going to see in the making.

What you do see, in fact, is pottery rationalised, though it would be a mistake to infer that modern methods and partial mechanisation have replaced the old skills: from first to last this is still essentially a craft. It begins in the "mill," where weathered clays are mixed with finely ground quartz or other flux for earthenware—calcined bone added for "bone china." From the "blunger" vat the mixed liquid clay body, known as "slip," emerges, is squeezed by presses, and finally passes through the pug-mill, rather like a large sausage-machine, from which it comes out in long square strips ready for the potter's hands. From then on the processes split into separate channels—too complex to describe here in detail. First, there is semi-mechanical plate-making. A ball of clay is flattened by an automatic "spreader" on a spinning disc into a circular "bat" which is flung adroitly by the platemaker on to a plaster mould which shapes the front of the plate. Revolving on the "jigger," the plate's back is formed by a metal profile which the potter pulls down on to the spinning clay. Then there is the "jolley," a rotating profile which shapes the inside of a cup after the cup-maker's fingers have drawn up a ball of clay dexterously inside the mould which shapes the exterior.

Some old craftsmen will tell you that nothing is so good as a plate or cup shaped by hand without the aid of profiles. To the non-expert eye the claimed difference in consistency of "body" is not distinguishable. Certainly jigger and jolley result in quicker, more economic production. For ornamental hollow-ware, however, the art of the "thrower" still survives, even at Barlaston. You may still see a measured ball of soft clay worked by hand on the spinning wheel into jug, vase or mug. Then, when the clay is cheese-hard, it is polished, fluted, and ornamented by a "runner" with beads or fillets, in the hands of a turner who uses a lathe (given, at need, an eccentric action by a special cam)



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KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS—Left to Right: *1. A cable winch being lowered on to the deck of a cable ship. 2. An Officer takes observations from the bridge of a cable ship. 3. The bow sheaves of a cable ship with cable passing into the sea. 4. Routing messages in a telegraph station. 5. A section of a control panel in a telegraph station.*

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which Matthew Boulton designed in the 18th Century. But many shapes, which would strain the clay if made by hand—like handles and spouts—or are too elaborate for the thrower, call for the skill of the caster. "Slip" is poured into a plaster mould which absorbs the water; the surplus "slip"—its amount judged nicely in proportion to the required thickness of the cast—is poured off; the clay piece, shrunk in drying, is removed, seams smoothed away and, it may be, cast handles, spouts or feet added. The job of joining clay to clay is tricky: spouts or handles must be of exactly the same consistency as the ware to which they are to be applied. A delicate touch, too, is needed to affix the moulded bas-reliefs familiar in Wedgwood pottery—to say nothing of the high skill required in the building up of a decorative candlestick from as many as sixteen different moulds, or the making, which I watched, of a basket-work orange-bowl involving over a hundred separate decorations.

Next comes the making of the "biscuit"; and here modernised pottery practice has achieved its greatest revolution. Firing in old days, and even now in many works, meant placing the dried clay pieces in "saggars," cumbersome fire-boxes of coarse clay which were laboriously piled up inside the kiln—a two-day job. The ware was then ovened for three days, and another 2-3 days allowed for cooling off. Instead of this lengthy process, the dried pieces at Barlaston are packed—plates firmly bedded on special sand—in tiers, on trucks which pass slowly through 270ft.-long electric tunnel-ovens. Their graduated heat reaches its maximum in a central chamber. Marshalled in trains of fifty, the truck takes 78 hours in its passage for "biscuit" firing. The clay piece, hard but porous, is now ready for decoration—if, that is to say, the pattern is to be "under glaze." The painting may be done by hand; more usually prints off engraved copper cylinders are taken on specially prepared tissue paper. These, sometimes in colour and sometimes in black and white outline to be filled in with colour by hand, are pressed on the "biscuit" ware, and the paper washed off. Hand-painting needs knowledge and training: just as the designer and modeller have to allow for shrinkage of size, so the painter has to work with metallic oxide colours whose shade changes in firing.

After being dipped in a cream-like liquid glaze, the ware is dried in a heated chamber and then passes through another electric tunnel-oven—a 30 hours' transit—for the "glost" firing. Under glaze, colours have the advantage of lasting for ever; but the high temperature needed to vitrify the glaze (1,160° C. for "glost," as compared with 1,200° C. for "biscuit") restricts the number of colours which can be used. Even black will sometimes turn green in the firing. So, for the best and most elaborate effects, "on-glaze" colours are applied—by the clever corps of transferers, stencillers, "ground layers," "liners" and hand-painters. After that, another firing at a somewhat lower temperature is needed to make the colours fast. Follows polishing, sorting and checking; and the skilful business of packing with straw in casks ready for despatch.

So much for modernised technique. I have little doubt that the Potteries will have to build other Barlastons, complete with electric firing, conveyor belts and anti-silicosis suction chambers—compulsory now throughout the pottery industry—for trimming and polishing; it would be no bad thing if the greater part of the Five Towns were bulldozed and rebuilt. But what is to be said of contemporary and prospective production from the standpoint of art? It is a question on which the British public have little chance to form an opinion. So far as decorated pottery is concerned, we see only "export rejects" and (it is whispered) occasional "black" consignments nefariously smuggled out of works. Practically the whole of current production is destined, by Government Order, for overseas markets, mainly the U.S., under the pitiless compulsion of need for foreign exchange. It is, in general, an unhealthy situation. Enjoying since the war a seller's market, and catering for consumers whose taste is in inverse ratio to their wealth, some of the well-known firms in the Potteries have tended to rely on expensive over-elaboration of design and decoration—at the cost of prices three and four times what they were before the war. Except from Mr. Gaitskell's standpoint I see little to commend in the production of "show plates" for the dinner tables of American tycoons at a cost which hardly any British purchaser can afford.

But I am writing primarily of matters "out Barlaston way." Here, too, the impact of the influence of the U.S. market is apparent—in the production, for instance, of endless "view" plates of U.S. universities. Staid stuff; and traditionalism lies heavily on such products as the plates with Piranesi views turned out for a Holy Year market across the Atlantic—with the blessing, if you please, of the Archbishop of Boston. Fundamentally, however, the spirit of Josiah I—his insistence on combining beauty with functional design, and on producing economically things that could be bought, used, and enjoyed by the ordinary man—still lives strongly in the Wedgwood works. Costs here, by the way, are not much more than 150 per cent. over 1938.

Samuel Smiles, that robust and complacent admirer of *per ardua* achievement, rated Wedgwood, I think, a little less highly than the unluckier innovators who preceded him. In *Self-Help*, the chief meed of praise is for poor Palissy, who solved the secret of china-enamel at the cost of burning the entire furniture of his household, and for Böttgher, who invented hard porcelain for the Elector of Saxony, only to be buried after dark, "as if he had been a dog," at Meissen in the 35th year of his age. True, Josiah Wedgwood, from the days of his partnership with Whieldon in 1754 onwards, was more favoured by fortune. The time, with Cookworthy's discovery of Cornish china clay, and his friendship with Boulton, Bentley and Erasmus Darwin, may be said to have helped him. Yet, he must have been a man of unusual imagination and tenacity of purpose. Not perhaps himself much of an artist—the early agate and cauliflower ware which he made in partnership with Whieldon was more curious than beautiful—he had the wit to draw on the artistry of Flaxman and Hackwood for his designs, and to adapt to pottery shapes the fine lines of the great Georgian silversmiths. The cream-colour "Useful" ware whose production he developed in the 1760's, for whose printing he employed the process invented in 1765 by Sadler and Green of Liverpool, and which was given the title of "Queen's Ware" after purchase of a set by Queen Charlotte, set a standard which is still, in its own line, supreme.

To-day, one feels that Josiah I, were he alive, might be inclined to press the firm of Wedgwood to pioneer still more on the lines of its founder's famous "Experiments." There is no doubt a market still for replicas of the old black basalt and unglazed Jasper ornamental pottery; and it would be difficult to improve on many of the shapes and border-patterns handed down from the 18th Century for ordinary table-ware. Moreover, it would be unfair to say that the contemporary designer has been given no chance at Barlaston. There are a few admirable designs to be seen by Arnold Machin, Victor Skellern, and—most tantalising of all—by Eric Ravilious, whose death in 1943 robbed pottery of its most promising modern designer. What one would like to see would be greater effort to get away from those floral designs which English potters have created with such unanimity for this nation of back-garden lovers. One wonders, too, whether the science of the chemist could not be more fully utilised to produce, as China did ten centuries ago, pottery whose beauty lies solely in colour added to form. Still, the "living tradition" of Etruria still infuses the craftsmen of Barlaston: here is production of which England may be proud, and would be prouder were her own homes allowed greater freedom to enjoy its use.

AYLMER VALLANCE

A Matter of Business

THE Craigs flew to Haiti for their seven days' honeymoon.

Haiti is a green explosion in the sea, fringed by conch-shells and patrolled by flamingoes; a place of brilliance and melancholy. At night the fire-flies weave through the streaming vegetation, and the Negresses' white frocks seem to clothe listless, invisible spirits, rather than black bodies.

Ann Craig did not want to go to Haiti. "Isn't that where Gauguin —?" she began hopefully. But, alas, no; these Ta Matetes were not of Polynesia. She was afraid to mention her nausea at the smell of the towels, because Ezra had done a year's anthropology at the Southern Methodist University, and, thus emancipated, always insisted on shaking hands with Negroes in those Harlem places.

Ezra, too, remained untouched by this land of exile of the African gods. He was divided completely between problems of new matrimony and commerce. Recently, at twenty-nine, he had been elected a vice-president of his firm, and with this, he had noticed, Time had increased its pace. Hence the necessity for the combined honeymoon and business-trip; the renunciation of Nassau in favour of this reluctant pilgrimage.

Ezra's firm was the world's largest manufacturer of babies' rubber dummies. They turned out ten millions at a time. Produced thus, the cost per unit was so small that you could hardly say they cost anything at all. The trouble was that each dummy made in this way consists of three separate parts, which have to be assembled by hand. Cheap labour has to be found. Otherwise you can't undercut. You can't find a world market. Without a world outlet you have to think in terms of hundreds of thousands, not millions. This puts the basic manufacturing figure up out of all reason. You might as well go out of business. Ezra's firm found their cheap labour for simple assembly in Puerto Rico. They were on the point of sending thirty million components down there to be assembled, when Ezra happened to read somewhere that the standard of living in Haiti was the lowest in the Western Hemisphere. A low standard of living and simple assembly were linked inseparably in Ezra's brain. He figured out that there might be point 0 five of a cent in it. It was worth investigating.

From the first few minutes in the island, Ezra was satisfied that his information had been sound. The hotel car was held up in the market-place on their way from the airport, and he noticed that many of the girls, squatting by their vegetables, were wearing frocks made from sacks which had once contained breeding mash produced

by the Quaker Oats Company. The sacks had been turned inside out, and the lettering and trade-mark came through in a pleasantly muted decoration. Other dresses were faintly ornamented with the fighting cocks associated with a food for live-stock known as Full-O-Pep, and yet others were patterned with fat, contented pigs. This phenomenon, which might have spoken to another of natural fantasy, was to Ezra only a satisfactory confirmation that many hands awaited in idleness the prodigious shower of rubber rings, teats, and washers he was planning to rain upon them.

Although Ann disapproved of the colour-bar, she had in some way assumed that Negroes would feel a little out of it in a hotel recommended by the air-line. But she wanted to enter whole-heartedly into the freemasonry of travel and, in this spirit, if the occasion arose, to mix with coloured people freely and without embarrassment. She was ready to go out of her way to put them at their ease, and was, therefore, a little surprised and deflated to find that the Haitians, who gathered in strength in the bar and the public rooms, showed no signs of feeling conspicuous or uncomfortable. She had wanted to make an expansive and generous gesture, and now it was as if she had braced herself unnecessarily for an effort—taken a step that wasn't there.

Ezra soon struck up an acquaintance with a Mr. McBean, who said that he was English, and that his ancestors had owned a castle near London in the 16th century, before religious persecution had driven them to take refuge in France. Ezra found nothing so boring as affectations of this kind. He was shocked, too, that the Americas should harbour such pockets of totally un-American and un-democratic spirit. McBean had a carefully sculptured face, and what might have been taken for a moderate sun-tan. But his hair gave him away. It was unnaturally flat, and plastered down scupulously over the temples. However, despite his mock-European outlook, he was clearly knowledgeable, and Ezra soon steered him away from empty chatter about his family tree into the equalitarian realms of business and finance. How was the labour situation? Ezra explained his problem, and McBean seemed to think there would be no difficulty. The man to see about it, he said, would be a houngan called 'Ti Joseph. A houngan—and what was that, for Heaven's sake—a labour boss? McBean guessed that he was a kind of priest. A voodoo one.

"A voodoo priest," Ezra said. "Well, what do you know about that!" There was something indecent in the idea. It went with the high-yellow McBean and his English castle. Ezra could hardly stomach the notion of labour being supplied by some sort of local witch-doctor. It seemed unclean. The defiling of honest business with superstition.

"The guy's not only a priest," McBean said, as if in defence. "He runs sugar-mills and a tourist shop. Supposed to have fifteen wives. Good thing to handle him with kid-gloves. These houngans are pretty independent. Call you by your first name. You want labour, you got to go to them."

Next day, when Ezra went down to the bar for a drink before lunch, he found McBean there, with a large man nattily dressed in grey flannels, a flowered shirt, and a hand-painted tie. The newcomer held himself as if he were easily supporting a heavy weight on his head, was coal-black, and reminded Ezra of a blown-up version of Father Divine. As Ezra came up, the big man emptied his glass, and ordered a Scotch and soda.

McBean said, "Meet 'Ti Joseph."

Ezra held out his hand and found himself grasping a cigar. He was flabbergasted. McBean said, "'Ti Joseph doesn't like to shake hands. He loses power that way."

"Call me Xenophon," 'Ti Joseph bayed softly. He looked Ezra up and down with a kind of amused tolerance; exuding a self-confidence that was flawless and perfect. Ezra felt his fury welling up. He realised, almost with alarm, that this Negro regarded himself as his superior.

"You married?" 'Ti Joseph asked, with condescension. His arm suddenly shot out over Ezra's shoulder, and collected a full glass.

Ezra nodded automatically.

"Children?"

"No."

'Ti Joseph shook his head reprovingly. "Get responsible," he said. McBean broke in hastily. "Mr. Craig wants to ask your advice, 'Ti Joseph. Go ahead Mr. Craig, and show him those parts."

Ezra, who had been searching for some civilised but effective way of putting this man in his place, now decided that he was big enough to be able to make allowances for children and savages. He brought out the three components, and McBean, taking them, explained what was wanted.

"How much you pay?" 'Ti Joseph asked.

"One tenth of a cent per piece," Ezra said. "A good assembler can handle a hundred and fifty an hour."

"Fifteen cents an hour," 'Ti Joseph said. He screwed his neck round suddenly, as if to shift the invisible weight to an easier position.

"American money," Ezra said.

"You pay more than that," 'Ti Joseph said, with schoolmasterly severity. "Speak to me the truth. Be a sincere man."

"Well then, an eighth," Ezra found himself saying weakly, having gone surprisingly to his top limit.

'Ti Joseph got up from the bar. "Come and see me tonight," he said. Tossing down his whiskey he turned, and made, without further salutation, for the door. The bartender went scurrying ahead to open it for him.

Ezra's first indignant inclination was to forget about the whole thing, but McBean assured him that 'Ti Joseph had made it clear that he would accept the contract, and he couldn't help remembering that he would be saving the firm a cool ten thousand dollars on the latest Puerto Rico quotation if the deal went through. He decided to do his best to bottle-up his resentment. McBean told him that the houngan was conducting a voodoo ceremony that evening, and they could talk to him and get it all tied up when this was over. Anyway, perhaps Mrs. Craig would like to see the dancing? McBean pointed to a notice on the wall which said, "Tonite. Real authentic Voodoo rites in cool place. Car calls for and returns you. Nice time. Five dollars." "Does 'Ti Joseph run that too?" Ezra asked. "'Ti Joseph runs everything but the presidency," McBean told him.

They went in a taxi. McBean said that there was no charge to go in the tonnelle where they held the ceremony, but the hotel profiteered on the car and paid 'Ti Joseph a rake-off. Ezra asked the driver how much, before they started. The driver said four dollars. Ezra said three, and the driver opened the door. When they got to the place, Ezra gave him a tip of two gourdes. There was a beggar standing close by, and the driver called him over and dropped the silver coins into his hand. That was the kind of thing that put Ezra's back up. That smart way of handing you a slap. His good humour was gone for the evening.

The tonnelle was no more than a big African

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hut. It had a conical thatched roof, supported by a centre pole, and the sides were open to the night. A few tired-looking Negroes were beating their tall drums with their knuckles and elbows. Behind them, on a bench, sat a moping line of villagers, hands in laps; the girls showing half their shining, black thighs. The tourists from the hotel made up another dejected group. They were grey-haired and bespectacled, but the men wore swaggering ties. All had tight-set, defensive faces, and sat bolt upright, both hoping for and fearing an orgy.

Just as the Craigs and McBean came in, some of the villagers got up and began to shuffle sadly round the floor, in half-obedience to the rhythm of the drums. Suddenly Ezra recognised a familiar form, which seemed to have materialised among them. It was 'Ti Joseph, but now he was dressed in what looked like a nightgown, and wore a yellow turban. In one hand he carried a fish carved in wood, from which hung down several strings of beads, and in the other a towel. He was smiling rather absently, and shuffling round with the others. Sometimes a girl would come up, fall on her knees and kiss his bare feet. Whenever this happened, 'Ti Joseph raised her up, wiped the sweat from her face with his towel, and set her off again on her swaying and gyrating course.

"They're waiting for the gods to come down," McBean said.

"What gods?" Ezra snapped.

"What gods?" said McBean, "I don't know what gods. Maybe no gods. This show is put on for the visitors. They don't like to kill a cock or a goat, so the gods don't come." Ezra couldn't make up his mind whether McBean was being serious or not.

"You want a drink?" McBean asked. They went out and found a hut which had been fixed up as a bar. It was decorated with a picture of a beautiful mulatta smoking Camels, an advertisement for 7-Up (We're a Fresh-Up family), and a harshly coloured lithograph of Jesus calming the waters. The night air breathed on them through the open walls, bringing with it the scent of datura, and a radio voice from the tonnelle, now raised in praise of Alka-Selzer. Ezra said, "Think of those tourists back there. They'd have to sandbag me to get me up here." The only drinks were Pabst beer, at three times the right price, and rum and 7-Up. Ezra put down half a dozen rum and 7-Ups, savagely and in rapid succession. Ann put her hand on his arm, and he shook it off in irritation.

The tourists filed in, had a quick can of Pabst apiece, and went out. They heard their car start up and drive off. After that the hut was suddenly full of villagers, a noisy swarm of children just released from school. The black girl behind the bar served them from a bottle with no label on it. As she was putting the bottle away Ezra held out his glass. McBean said, "I shouldn't drink that, friend. That's kind of hot." His advice only made Ezra more stubborn. He pushed down the neck of the bottle, forcing the girl to fill his glass to the brim. He emptied the glass in a gulp, and had to fight for his breath. A tear started on its way down each cheek. "Ginger and red pepper in that rum," McBean said, shaking his head in sympathy.

"How much longer's that fellow going to be?" Ezra asked when he got his breath back. His lips moved stiffly, and he hardly recognised his voice. McBean went and looked out, and came back. He said they couldn't disturb 'Ti Joseph for a minute because he was in the middle of a ceremony. "To hell with the ceremony," Ezra said. He went out, followed by Ann and McBean. The light was out in the tonnelle, and the villagers were crowding noisily round a pile of brushwood. Far off drums thundered under the rim of the sky. The beating of drums came from all directions. Stopping to listen, Ezra had to steady himself.

Someone poured petrol on the brushwood and threw a match, and it went up in a yellow, crackling sheet. Beyond the flames Ezra saw the grinning face of 'Ti Joseph. "I'm going to tell that fellow I don't like him," Ezra said. He shouted to break the whisper of his voice and 'Ti Joseph saw him, laughed exultantly, and waved his wooden fish.

The brushwood had already burned itself out, and the colour was fading from the pile of ashes. The villagers broke into a shrill chanting, and somewhere close by, drums started a deafening, staccato clamour. They were all dancing now, and one of the dancers, having approached the hot ashes in a series of rushing advances and retreats, dashed crazily through them. "The god has descended," McBean said, with quiet satisfaction. Ezra turned on him pugnaciously. "Ogon, the fire god," McBean said.

"Did you say something about sacrificing a goat, or was it a white horse?" Ezra asked, with querulous sarcasm. "This god don't like meat," McBean explained simply. "Some gods like booze. Some like girls. This one likes rum and pepper. You just drunk to him yourself."

By this time a continuous procession was going through the ashes. The dancers screamed, sang, and flapped their arms about in the throes of an ungainly hysteria. Sometimes petrol was splashed on the ashes, revealing in a brief glare the sweating smugness of 'Ti Joseph's face as he encouraged his followers to fresh ecstasies. Suddenly Ezra's revulsion mastered him. 'Ti Joseph had become a detested figure—an enemy. And with the influx of hatred came the revelation of how to humble the impostor by exposing this stupid farce. It was quite clear that the whole thing was a trick, and that anyone could walk barefooted through the dead ashes. Bending down, he slipped off his shoes and socks, and advanced, hands in pockets, to join the procession. He was halfway across before Ann realised that he had gone, saw him, and screamed. McBean tried to stop her, explaining that her husband was under Ogon's protection, but Ezra heard the screams and turned back. For a fraction of a second he stood quite still, then started to run.

At the hotel he refused medical attention. Ann bathed the soles of his feet, and put penicillin ointment on them. They looked very inflamed, but the skin was unbroken. Next morning he had to be carried aboard the plane, and was in great pain. At the Miami hospital the doctor was reassuring. "You've got nothing to worry about, Mr. Craig. A little desquamation, perhaps. Have you on your feet in a month."

"A month," Ezra said. "A month . . . but I can't possibly spare the time. I want you to understand that I'm a very busy man."

But the doctor, who went on probing gently at the flesh under the toenails, seemed not to have heard. "Of course, you must have experienced the most excruciating pain at the time this happened," he said.

But Ezra shook his head. "I didn't feel a thing," he said. "I must have been drunk. . . . Very drunk."

NORMAN LEWIS

BUCOLIC

When tractors, with a horrid sound,
Go round and round and round and round
I love to think how oxen go
Boustrophedon, to and fro.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE FIRST CANDIDATE

THE competition organised by the Arts Theatre for a new play "of contemporary significance", with a prize of £700, has failed to produce a clear winner. The judges, Mr. Alex Clunes, Mr. Christopher Fry and Mr. Peter Ustinov, have agreed upon a short list of three, and the verdict is to be given after each of them has been seen in production. This prospect gives a particular fillip to a visit to the Arts Theatre over the next nine weeks (each play is running for three weeks). *Poor Judas* by Miss Enid Bagnold is the first candidate. Miss Bagnold is, of course, an accomplished novelist, and has already shown that she possesses a sense of "theatre" with a successful melodrama *Lottie Dundas*. It's a pity that, overawed perhaps by that ominous phrase "of contemporary significance", she has all too successfully excluded the melodramatic in her prize play, for "theatre" in this sense is one of the elements it lacks.

Poor Judas is evidently a symbolic play, but I must confess from the start to being by no means confident that I have grasped the whole significance of its symbolism. Its outline is simple enough. A middle-aged English writer, whose own work has so far come to nothing, has been employed for the last eleven years in writing up the notes of an old Czech scholar into a History of Political Wickedness in a large number of volumes. This work, which is confidently expected to be a masterpiece, is still two volumes short of completion when the Germans invade France. The time then is 1940, and the place Dieppe. The old scholar can't complete the work without the Englishman's help; the last evacuation boat is due to leave any moment taking his assistant back to England. Can he trust his precious notes to this lazy, semi-drunken amanuensis? Well, he is in his late seventies and for him time is pressing, and against his better judgment he risks it.

Act II opens two years later. The English writer has been living in Newhaven with his young daughter and a governess who dotes on him, ostensibly devoting himself to the completion of the history. But when, all unannounced, the old scholar suddenly arrives from France, it turns out that he hasn't so much as undone the string round the parcel of notes entrusted to him. He has been busy instead on the long-delayed work of his own. This is the second crisis of the play; the third comes at the very end when we learn that this work of his hasn't been written either. He has simply failed to do anything at all. But he is far from ashamed or defeated. The divine spark hasn't arrived yet, but it still may; and we are intended to feel, I take it, that devoting oneself to art is more important than anything else, and that even then the value lies not in mere vulgar achievement but in the devotion itself.

If this is indeed the intention of the play, then it seems of very uncontemporary significance. But in any case it doesn't work because this particular failed author cannot carry our sympathies. He is evidently meant to be taken seriously, but as he is presented (and I think we must assume that the author and the producer Mr. Roy Rich were at one in so presenting him) this drinky bumbler is nothing but a pretentious ass with his phony literary phrases and his jotting down of "thoughts" in his little notebooks. He cannot be taken as a serious writer, even a failed one, by anyone who has knowledge of writers, and Mr. Robert Harris can't make him seem serious or important. Such a person could only be treated as a "character," studied with a certain ironical compassion. The reason that the production struck me as "false" was perhaps because in my mind I was trying to wrench it out of its portentous approach into something nearer this ironic treatment.

Portentous, I'm afraid, in a depreciative sense, was the final feeling one had about it. It moves uneasily between realism, literariness and the symbolism of its subsidiary parts. There is an embarrassing young daughter waiting for her first lover who turns up in the shape of a young Canadian captain; but neither of them seem to be developed or to fit in with the rest, and there is an eager young publisher whose very unrealistic irruptions must have had some deeper meaning which I did not catch. Miss Bagnold, one feels, could have written a much better play if she hadn't bothered about significance at all, contemporary or uncontemporary. The second candidate is to be Mr. C. E. Webber's *Right Side*, to be presented on August 8th. The third is a play by Mr. John Whitney, whose *Penny for a Song* was recently seen at the Haymarket.

T. C. WORSLEY

GROWTH AND FORM

JOHN EVELYN records a dinner in July, 1654, "at the most obliging and universally-curious Dr. Wilkins's, at Wadham College." There the company saw transparent apiaries designed for the observation of bee behaviour, "a hollow statue which gave a voice and uttered words," and "many other artificial, mathematical and magical curiosities." That prodigious young scholar, Christopher Wren, presented Evelyn with a piece of white marble stained a deep red.

We look back with admiration and envy to those days of the founding of the Royal Society. The notion of a conflict between the sciences and the arts—one which belongs perhaps to the critics rather than the artists themselves—had not then been heard of. I hope I am not too sanguine in seeing the same spirit of open-minded intellectual curiosity in the Exhibition *Growth and Form* put on by the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street. Here, in effect, a group of scientists of very different specialities have said to artists: "Look! These are things which we see, but which you do not; we enjoy seeing them, and we think you will also!"

Science extends our senses so that we can study the immensely large but distant, and also the infinitely small. In the exhibition we see photographs of spiral nebulae and sun spots; and also traces of atomic particles and of a photon (the ultimate unit, or quantum, of radiation). Between these extremes of size we have, working upwards, an electron micrograph of smoke particles (looking rather like an abstract sculpture), photomicrographs of crystals, of the spermatozoa and chromosomes of a bull, of diatoms, and of the larvae of a lobster and a sea cucumber, the vertebrae and pelvis of a goat, and the skull of a horse.

It is appropriate that most of the material should be biological. The title of the exhibition is that of D'Arcy Thompson's famous book, which deals, from a mathematical point of view, with the whole range of biological forms. D'Arcy Thompson discusses especially the evolutionary and developmental *changes* of form which organisms (and some inorganic systems) undergo. In the exhibition various devices are used to introduce the dimension of time. One model, illustrating mathematical form, moves mechanically; another illustrates changes of shape in a falling drop; a third uses electronic flash equipment to show us the form of a splash. There are two films, running continuously: one, of crystal growth, is projected on to a horizontal surface overhead; for the other, showing the early development of a sea urchin, we lean over a table.

There is nothing novel in artists being inspired by new knowledge. The inspiration in the past has, however, come as much from new ideas as from acquaintance with new phenomena. The exhibition does not illustrate scientific ideas, but the deficiency is made up by the book which accompanies it.* *Aspects of Form* contains ten essays by scientists, one by a Professor of Fine Art, and an introduction, a chronological survey and an excellent bibliography by the editor, L. L. Whyte. There are admirable photographs and drawings. The theme, we are told, is "*the realisation of unity of spatial form in the complex processes of physics, biology, psychology and art.*" Mr. Whyte claims that "contemporary science appears to have recovered the ancient and medieval sense of the importance of form, and yet is almost completely ignorant of the basic laws of form. . . . No contributor can cite a single *fundamental* principle concerning the development of the forms in his branch of science." This appears to beg the question whether, and to what extent, we can legitimately talk of "laws of form"—a question on which, it is to be hoped, this book will stimulate discussion.

The articles cover physics and astronomy, five aspects of modern biology, and three psychological topics. The most successful are those which either interpret what we see in new ways, or discuss æsthetics scientifically. Grey Walter, in "Activity Patterns in the Human Brain," points out that the most complex organic pattern known is the nervous system of man, with its ten thousand million nerve cells. The study of the electrical activity of these cells, and hypotheses on their method of function, are just beginning to illuminate a great variety of subjects, including æsthetics and the behaviour of persons with nervous disorders. Of Konrad Lorenz' brilliant article on "Gestalt Perception in Behaviour" I have room only for the concluding sentences, of which I think the founders of the Royal Society would have approved. "The inductive research worker does not believe in miracles and this disbelief does not diminish the reverential awe in which he holds all nature. His maxim is that of Rudyard Kipling's Purun Bhagat, of whom the poet says: 'Nothing was farther from his mind than miracles. He believed that all things were one big miracle, and once a man has got to know that, he has got something to go upon.'"

ANTHONY BARNETT

*Aspects of Form. Edited by L. L. Whyte. Lund Humphries. 21s.

THE MOVIES

"As Young As You Feel" and "Half Angel," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

"The Prince Who Was a Thief," and "Comin' Round the Mountain," at the Marble Arch Odeon

I WONDER whether those who follow the stars—and there's not much else to do in a cinema at the moment—care at all about the suitability of the role chosen by or allotted to their favourite. Some gorgeous miscastings are here to test our allegiance. Miss Margaret Leighton, now. It would be interesting to know how her particular following receive her appearances in *Calling Bulldog Drummond*. What would they say, on the spur of the moment, was the part least suited to her individual talent? That of Miss Smith, sergeant from Scotland Yard? The very role in which, at the Empire, you will find her abetting, and in the end it would seem winning, our old friend of the knuckle-duster tendencies. Miss Leighton does her best; but she can't really let herself go, she can't radiate Sergeant Smith. When she has to be tied to a chair by the master crook—who then, of course, discovers another appointment, from which he will return in a couple of hours to finish things off—she tries to carry it off as one does in such circumstances; but obviously it isn't easy.

Mr. Monty Woolley, on the other hand, gorgeously miscast in *As Young as You Feel* as a compositor at retiring age, doesn't look in the least put out. An air of Edwardian distinction accompanies his clockings-in and out; the elaborate periphrases roll round his daughter-in-law's cooking; at the yearly concert he interrupts a symphony with a flute solo and an assurance not inferior to Sir Thomas Beecham's; he occupies park benches, sports overalls, and lions it in a bed-sitter; and altogether those richly sarcastic

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tones either don't recognise, or can't bother with, the sentimental clichés here delivered. Mr. Woolley is rewarded for his impudence by being allowed, during the greater portion of the film, to masquerade as the chairman of Consolidated Cars: in which disguise (or rather lack of it) he floors everybody. He wins a hard-fought though unconvincing fight for the non-retirement of the skilled worker at 65. When this escapade is over, and he is due to take his coveted place in the comps.' room once more, Mr. Woolley remains as unashamedly Mr. Woolley as he has been for every moment of the film.

The other piece in a double programme does a little better by Miss Loretta Young. In a series of party dresses, in Technicolor, in full romance, she seems as unassailably at home as ever: the best way of enjoying this film would be to come in well after it's started and leave before the end, so as not to catch on too much to the story. The script, I am sorry to say, confuses a fairy-tale about sleep-walking along romantic paths and furrowed brows over the split personality. The two don't go together, especially in Technicolor.

Little old Tangier—this week we have begun low, to sink lower—had two thiefs, one a prince incognito and the other a little red-head contortionist, who leap the battlements, steal sacred pearls, rob the treasury, slip the guard, and generally make hay with all the sons of she-camels. The dialogue here does match the exotic hues. *The Prince Who Was a Thief* might have gained the originality it needs if it had acquired Mr. Monty Woolley for even a passing appearance as the babe-slaying bearded uncle.

Abbott and Costello, below par at turkey shoots and rustic junketings, complete this week's quartette of films, which would seem designed to keep us out of the cinema, wet or shine.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

How inescapable we are of our time! The platitude has the dull nullity of a worn penny. Yet as one listened to Mr. George Rylands's talk *The Actor's Speaking of Hamlet*, it accused one like a new truth. I do not know whether this was what Mr. Rylands intended. His thesis was that the actor's problem in speaking dramatic poetry was to find the true balance between the music of the words and their meaning; he illustrated it with recordings of Forbes-Robertson, Tree, Benson, Ainley, Mr. Gielgud and Sir Laurence Olivier as Hamlet. A most fascinating and illuminating experiment in practical criticism, akin to the scholar's comparison of texts. From my pomt of view there was no question which of these famous actors was the "real" Hamlet. Mr. Gielgud all the time, with Sir Laurence as a most acceptable alternative. But Ainley! How could this ludicrous travesty of the human voice declaiming the "To be or not to be" soliloquy be the voice of a great actor? I do not know: I never saw Ainley. And Mr. Rylands's programme was concerned only with the actor as voice; presence, gesture, had no place in it, and therefore all the requirements for judging comparative greatness were lacking. But one was brought sharply up against the relativity of taste. Historically, Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet is *my* Hamlet. If I had been born at the right time to see Ainley's in my youth, I am forced to assume that his would then have been mine: a disturbing reflection. Yet there is this much to make one believe that modern taste in the speaking of Shakespeare is better than that of fifty years ago, that the criticisms Mr. Rylands quoted from Shaw and Sir Max Beerbohm of Forbes-Robertson's and Benson's Hamlets were, allowing for their greater felicity of phrase, those one would make to-day.

Stimulating and delightful in its own right, Mr. Rylands's talk was also a wonderful introduction to the performance of *Hamlet*, with Mr. Gielgud, we heard in the same week. This was a revival of Mr. Richmond's production of three years ago. It is one of the great radio productions.

I was much impressed with Mr. Peter Duval Smith's little feature on the work of probation officers in the Light Programme series *I Like My Job*. Mr. Duval Smith is a new recruit to radio writing, and on the evidence of this script he will be watched with interest. His writing is sharp and crisp, and he has an ear for natural dialogue. His little vignettes of prostitutes arrested for soliciting and of an unhappy working-class home were very good indeed; and the parts were well played by an anonymous cast. Mr. Duval Smith was greatly helped by Miss Paule Footner, the probation officer whose story he was telling, for her story was of unusual interest. She was a woman who had left a religious order to take up work in the courts. One wanted, in fact, much more than could be told in the half-hour; and the programme gave signs of having been hastily cut to fit.

Professor W. B. Stanford's talk in the Third, *Joyce's First Meeting with Ulysses*, was the record of an exciting piece of literary detection. Investigating Joyce's use of Homer, Professor Stanford had the curiosity to find out what were the set books for the Irish Intermediate examinations of the writer's schooldays. Among them he discovered a local edition of Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*. . . Professor Stanford seems to me to show quite conclusively that this children's book was Joyce's Homer and the formative influence on the structure and much of the detail of his great novel.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The Biggest Thief in Town," at the New Boltons

Mr. Dalton Trumbo's comedy is an original variation on the old theme of body-snatching. A small-town Colorado undertaker knows that the multi-millionaire in the big house nearby is dying. Bent on wresting the initiative from his rivals, he pays an option on the only solid bronze coffin west of Kansas City. "Self-sealing, weather-proof, and lacquered," the casket weighs eight tons, and is obviously the only receptacle in which a man of Mr. Troybalt's position may await the Last Trump with confidence. Tired of waiting for his client, the undertaker and his doctor friend make a premature grab for his body. Once in the Reception Vestibule, bound for the Twilight Refectory, Mr. Troybalt is found to be still warm. This situation, further enlivened by a scoop-happy newspaper man, a revivalist apothecary, and an eloping couple, provide the ingredients of a comedy which contains an amusing first, an uproarious second, and a dullish third act. As the undertaker, Hartley Power is magnificent when, fuddled with Scotch, and screwing his courage to the striking point, he feels himself to be a "Renaissance Man." If he is unconvincing when the part calls for pathos, this is the author's fault rather than the actor's. Mr. Trumbo appears to have forgotten that a comedy like this should be "outside the diocese of conscience." Cadavers and sentiment go ill together. Brian Haines gives an amusing study of a pressman whose horizon is bounded by an A.P. by-line, and Fred Johnson is a stentorian pillar of Bethel. Lance Marechal's bossy confidante and Evelyn Roberts' decrepid millionaire are two of the best bits of character acting I have seen for some time.

J. N. B. R.

Promising work at various Galleries

One does not look for original success in the work of a young painter but rather for evidence of original difficulties. Inevitably his painting will be influenced by that of more mature artists. This influence is proper if it gives his work an affinity to that of his masters, and dangerous if it forces it to become badly derivative. In fact, this will depend upon whether he himself is really facing similar problems, or whether he merely admires the success with which his masters happen to solve them. At the Leicester Galleries exhibition of *Artists of Fame and of Promise*, the work of the promising tends to be tame and derivative—though fairly competent. There is, for instance, a Euston Road mahogany-and-nude by Yvonneka Jones and a Braque-like interior by Peter Haigh. But there are also some lively drawings by Peter Smith and a good painting (previously noticed) by James Palmer. At the Royal College show in South Kensington most of the work is more energetic. Norman Adams (some unexpected landscapes) is an outstanding student, while the paintings of John Johnson, Herbert Platt, Alfred Danniels and Edward Middleditch arouse one's real interest in their development. The most vital lithographs, mostly of industrial subjects, are by John Sellars—an edition of one of these is on sale at the A.I.A. Finally, at Gimpel Fils, the gallery which is perhaps the most discriminating and sympathetic to the work of the young, unknown painter, there are some interesting prints and sculpture by Geoffrey Clarke. It is significant that none of these works is dogmatically abstract, and that most of them reveal attitudes which suggest an emancipated return to some form of naturalism.

"The Makers of Violence," at Canterbury

In *The Makers of Violence*, Mr. Robert Gittings works an effective plot to a plausible climax, and provides in this verse-drama, commissioned by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, a play not immeasurably distant from Mr. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. The story concerns Alphege, the archbishop captured at the sacking of Canterbury by Viking invaders, and his impact on the rival commanders. Canute the purposeful Dane, and Olaf the vacillating heir of Norway, are in league to dominate as much of the world as they can lay hands on. Alphege, by reasoned argument and good works, converts the Norwegian to the true faith and so disrupts the alliance. The facts of history have been adapted to furnish a telling climax in the ritualistic murder of Alphege by drunken Danes. The action is swift and the players as convincing as may be in an unsympathetic production; for the play's large inconsistency is the mating of completely naturalistic acting (plus décor, costume, properties, etc.), with a verse-style which now and then breaks into a kind of earnest versifying which faintly echoes *Beowulf* and *The Four Quartets*. One regrets this mixing of styles—a common defect of English verse dramas—but the play stamps its author as the possessor of dramatic imagination and sound theatrecraft. The Canute of John Glen was a nicely integrated performance, and John Byron, as Alphege, convincingly presented a man of God who was decently human and filled with sensibility.

A. V. C

Correspondence

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

SIR,—I read with deep interest Mr. R. A. Butler's article on "The Future of our Village Schools." As I think he knows, I share his anxieties, and raised this problem on every conceivable occasion, in the House, between 1945 and 1950. But his article lacks the realism we have come to expect from him: neither am I at all sure that its assumptions as to the wishes of parents are anywhere near the truth.

Essex is not typical. More than any other Home County it has had to bear since 1929 the burden of providing L.C.C. Estate schools, without any adequate compensation by way of Exchequer grants. Faced with this overriding priority, the county's rural schools have suffered sad neglect. Mr. Butler will know how many of them still have children from 5-15 years of age. Such village children have not benefited from Hadow reorganisation or been accorded the rights of free secondary education to which his great Act entitles them. But the village retains its school, with its splendid headmaster "dispensing both wisdom and learning," but battling grimly against squalid building conditions, sometimes compelled to do the work of the school caretaker as well as all the clerical work and school dinners and school sports and teaching the 11-15 group. He is filled with anxiety all day because 40-50 infants have gone off under the care of one mistress to some odd room down the village street, and he knows the parents and managers will badger and wonder because the 7-11 group produce no scholarships. But he has no time to oversee, help and advise his tiny, often unqualified staff.

Is this really what Mr. Butler wants? Because if he does, there are thousands of village parents who do not. They want for their children at least the *chance* of a liberal education and, quite often out of the poorest wage packet, will send them off to Chingford or Chelmsford or Colchester to a private school so that they may have the intensive coaching which

they believe will ensure them places in a grammar school.

Certainly leave children to the age of seven in the village; reorganise the 7-11 group; scrap the ridiculous examination at eleven plus; build (or until the money to build is available); adapt existing buildings and groups of buildings, to give comprehensive schools for all children over the age of eleven—then Mr. Butler and I will be getting the best of both worlds. Finally, a word to your columnist. Sir, it is not because a village school happens to be a church school that its educational standards are somewhat low! LEAH MANNING

Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex.

SIR,—Mr. Butler's article on village schools rests on the thesis that the survival of village life depends on the (generally desired) continuance of village schools. Surely it is relevant to consider cases where parents have been able to choose the education they want for their children by the traditional device of the free market. How many parents in Mr. Butler's own social group, for example, who live in the country have in fact sent their children to the local primary schools, and how many to prep. schools which have no connection with "the stem of tradition"?

It is easy to be deluded by high-flown stuff about the relation of schools to society when in fact parents are really concerned with more mundane matters of scholarship opportunities and sanitation. Much of the discussion on comprehensive schools is conducted in terms of "integrating the child into the community" and "avoiding an aristocracy of brains" (both highly desirable no doubt) while little notice is taken of the evidence that the importance of schools outside the public education system—and hence beyond the scope of the discussion—is growing. Is the country child to suffer twice from being integrated into his background while his richer neighbour treads a disintegrated path to a greater variety of jobs?

Queen's College, JOHN VAIZEY
Cambridge.

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—It is not the judgment of the British Government but the outcome of the tug-of-war between the U.S. Administration and Congress, both increasingly influenced by the preventive war, semi-Fascist, MacArthur-McCarthy forces in American public life, that decides at what rate we are to rearm and for what, where and when we are to fight. The arms programme of £3,600 million in three years was accepted only reluctantly by the Government under strong American pressure, after the U.S. had rejected the British plea that they should pay £500 million of this sum, as otherwise the burden would wreck our economy. After that the U.S. came along and bumped up the amount to £4,700 million. The Government knuckled under again, not because they were convinced by the superiority of American arguments, but because they quailed before U.S. threats of the dire consequences of refusing to obey.

Mr. Healey's argument is therefore disingenuous when it claims that our present rate of rearmament is due to the Government's judgment of our danger. He should address himself to explaining why we must, in Mr. Churchill's words, "stick to the U.S. at any cost"—even at the price of capitulating to American demands that the Government knows are bound to wreck this country's economy and that many in the Government believe will increase rather than decrease the danger of a general war. (This applies to the crossing of the 38th Parallel, branding China as an aggressor, the boycott of China—all these steps the Government were forced into against their better judgment, because they had not the courage to stand out against the U.S.)

Whereas Mr. Churchill at Fulton in March, 1946, when he launched the policy so stoutly defended by Mr. Healey, said that what we wanted was "not a quivering precarious balance of power but an overwhelming assurance of strength," he told the House on November 30 last that, however hard we rearmed, we could not catch up with the Russians for several years, even if they did not rearm further in the meantime. (He added that therefore our rearmament could not provoke or frighten them, and so we had another two years in which to try to seek agreement by negotiation. I am not sure whether Mr. Churchill in saying this was a little Left of Mr. Healey or merely guilty of mental confusion.)

The plain fact is that our arms programme is attempting the impossible. It is the classic case of the frog swelling itself up to rival the ox. The U.S. or the U.S.S.R. may stand the pace for some years, but this country and Western Europe are bound to crack up under the strain. (Incidentally, whereas the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. can survive the ensuing war, this country and Western Europe, as leading American atomic scientists, e.g. Professor Leo Szilard, and military experts, e.g. General Leslie Groves, have frankly said, will be smashed up and decimated. The Pentagon regards Southern Britain, France, the Lowlands and Western Germany as expendable, but believes that it can use the Midlands and the North in this country as well as Franco Spain as bases from which to launch an atomic bomb counter-attack that will "liberate" Europe, North Korean style.)

Finally, Mr. Healey pins his faith to the hoary and discredited fallacy, repudiated and condemned by the Labour Party ever since the first world war and disproved by all history, that the balance of power and the arms race are the way to peace. He does so when:
(a) For the first time in our history we are the junior partner in the military alliance on our side of the balance of power, and so sacrifice our national independence as the price of our war preparations.
(b) Armaments are so expensive and our economy is so shaky that the arms race will ruin us.
(c) The issues to be settled, namely how to adjust the relations between the two-fifths of the world that have gone through a social revolution and the three-fifths that have remained capitalist, cannot be settled, but on the contrary are rendered insoluble by the methods of power politics.
(d) The war that all this is making inevitable will destroy us.

This way madness lies. The Labour Party needs a foreign policy that formulates the conditions for a "live and let live" agreement between the Communist and non-Communist worlds, and the courage to insist on those conditions even at the risk of a break with the United States. K. ZILLIACUS

60 Abbey Road, London, N.W.8

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT

SIR,—Asia and Africa, so long neglected in our political thought, are at last coming into the picture. The Labour Party's World Plan for Mutual Aid, adopted enthusiastically at Margate last year, now has the support of most thinking people in this country and the parallel work of a whole variety of American organisations, and of the United Nations itself, all give hope that the Plan will one day, soon, become a reality.

But while we continue to campaign for this great work to be undertaken—and I think it important that Britain should take the lead with the first contribution and practical proposals for the necessary machinery—we must be careful that our Western energy does not lead us to plunge blindly into a whole series of "groundnut schemes." This will only bring failure and disillusion, and do nothing to improve relations between the races or to help "backward" peoples towards their goals. We must understand that we face the most difficult and intractable of problems. Not only do we not yet understand the correct techniques of economic development in these areas; we also do not understand the psychology of the people to be helped. It is not necessarily true that they *want* the things we think they ought to want, or that they will react to economic advancement in the way the West has reacted—for example by family limitation.

What I suggest is that now is the time for earnest studies to begin. First, let us study the ten years' experience of our own colonial development plans—where many mistakes have already been made, and where we are still obviously groping, not for the money, but for the right approach. Second, we need a series of sociological studies of the areas to be aided—their administrative capacities (why give money to

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be swallowed up in luxuries for landlords or princes?), the attitudes and resistances of their people to development. Thirdly, let us examine the means by which development is to be achieved; and fourthly, we must work out by what agencies.

This is above all a *human* problem. People do not want to be "developed" according to other men's plans. Our motives might be excellent, but Asians and Africans will never believe this unless we act, in conjunction with them, according to their wishes, and with humility. As Socialists our consciences may lead us to battle against the injustices of inequality, but the people on the spot see themselves as something more than the beneficiaries of *our* moral obligations. We all know where the road paved with good intentions may lead, unless we are very, very careful.

20 West Heath Drive, N.W.11. RITA HINDEN

THE ULTIMATE CONSERVATIVE

SIR,—I did not think my lecture on *Political Education* would provoke such indiscriminate censure; I feared that what I had to say was so near the obvious that most readers would find it boring. I do not complain that Mr. Crossman's generous misunderstanding has found so much in it that is not there, though I am disappointed that he did not hit upon the real difficulties of the position I was trying to defend. And that, like many professional "idealists," he should think he has the monopoly of sincerity was, perhaps, only to be expected. But I feel bound to protest against his notion of the London School of Economics. He speaks of it as if it were a seminary for training political hedge-preachers in some dim orthodoxy. So far as I know it has never been that; certainly I did not find it so on my arrival. It is a school with a deservedly high academic reputation in a great University, whose undergraduates come, not to be indoctrinated with a message, economic or political, but to learn how to think for themselves.

MICHAEL OAKESHOTT

The London School of Economics and Political Science.

Are you clever, Daddy?

Well, I never had to ask MY father to help me with my homework.

Have you passed your driving test?

I'll have you know I was driving before you were thought of. I did quite a bit of racing, too.

Did you have special petrol for races?

I used a specially good petrol for all my motoring—BP. I'll use it again when it's back in the pumps.

When *will* BP be back, Daddy?

All in good time, my young hopeful—and what a good time we'll have then!

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whose whole organisation is behind it.

SAARLAND

SIR,—Your issue of June 16, containing Mr. Edelman's defence of the Saar Government, has only now reached me on my return from abroad.

Dr. Adenauer wants, as Mr. Edelman says, to "separate the Saar Question from the present process of European integration." But only in the sense that—unlike Dr. Schumacher—he does not want to make the granting of a Saarland plebiscite a condition without which Germany would refuse to co-operate in this process. In this he shows very considerable courage, for Dr. Schumacher's uncompromising stand is far more likely to bring in votes.

Like Mr. Edelman, the Saar Government brand as "appealing to Nationalism" the desire of all parties at Bonn for a plebiscite, claiming that their election in 1947 was a full endorsement of the "autonomous" constitution and the economic Anschluss with France. I was in the Saar as a correspondent at that time. Considerable pressure was put on the lesser Socialist and Catholic politicians to make them follow their French-sponsored leaders into the pro-Anschluss camp. It was the days of slow starvation. M. Grandval, the Governor, made it clear that provided there was economic union with France the steel works would be saved from dismantling, and food, clothing and consumer goods would at once be brought in from France. Even so Ernst Roth, then the Saar Socialists' Secretary-General, told me that the "tragic decision" to support the Anschluss had been taken "only to save the steel works." An article in the Communist *Neue Zeit*, protesting that the Control Council alone had the power to dismantle, was promptly suppressed by the Sûreté and the paper banned for a week. A Catholic priest, Father Hellenbach, was deported for publishing a letter from the Archbishop of Trier opposing the breach with Germany. The Saarlander was afraid not to vote, for fear of drawing attention. The Sûreté were then active and deportations frequent. He was given only two choices—the unpopular Communists or the Catholic-Socialist coalition, led by men to whom I heard a high French official refer in private as the "marionnettes."

The whole French arrangement in the Saar depends on keeping the Catholic and Socialist party machines in the hands of extreme francophiles and in refusing to licence any party hostile to the "autonomous" constitution except the unpopular Communists. Ernst Roth, though he had fought as a Maquisard against the Wehrmacht, was deported in 1948 for his opposition to the French arrangement. Membership of both these parties is small. But so long as no non-Communist pro-German party is permitted, the largely Catholic Saarlanders can only vote against the constitution by voting Communist, which M. Grandval well knows they will never do.

Economically the Anschluss is of decreasing value to the Saar. France has abolished the 18 per cent. discount on Saar coal enjoyed by Saarland industry under German rule. Southern Germany, which used to buy 30 per cent. of the Saar's heavy finished goods, now buys from the Ruhr instead.

Léon Blum almost on his deathbed urged that France could secure the use of the Saar's coal without political annexation masked by a puppet state. Dr. Adenauer is ready to see the Saar mines controlled within the framework of the Schuman Plan by a supra national authority, which would see to it that French needs were met. France would do well to accept this offer and destroy this "renascent dispute while it is still in the egg" by allowing the Saarlanders to return to Germany without the passions of a plebiscite, which would certainly go against the "autonomous" state. JONATHAN BLOW

3 Carlos Place, W.1.

THE AMERICAN VISA

SIR,—After two lecture visits to the U.S. I have twice been refused a visa to go there again. The refusal is on political grounds, under Title 22, Section 53.33 (k) of the Code of Federal Regulations (which I have not read). I have never been a member of the C.P. In earlier days I had hope in Russian education because it seemed to be going the way I had advocated for years—the way of freedom and self-government for children. Then came a long period of gradual disillusionment; freedom in schools gave place to moulding of character and all the evils of State discipline. To-day the Rules for Soviet Children are such that the most reactionary schoolmaster in Britain would approve of. I am a communist (with a small c) in the sense that the early Christians were communists, but here I should follow H. G. Wells and call myself a communalist, but obviously I cannot be a supporter of Communism (with a large C) when its triumph in Britain would abolish my job straight away.

The U.S. State Department assumes that I would or might be a danger to America, but the thousands who have heard me lecture at home and in Scandinavia, South Africa, America know that I am only a danger to the teachers and parents who prevent the natural growth of children by anti-life training.

This attitude to Communism has been explained to the U.S. Embassy, both by myself and a friendly M.P. but the ban remains. I am thus cut off from some of the most advanced educationists and psychologists in the world, men who are also fighting for an educational philosophy that is the only fundamental counter revolution against Communist mass moulding.

I presume that there must be others who are in my position, "Left wing" in education or philosophy or science, who are like myself suspect and wrongly suspect. Mr. Truman has appealed to Russia to raise her Iron Curtain and let her people travel abroad. I wonder if others will join me in a joint appeal to the U.S. authorities to raise their political curtain to allow the entry of travellers who have no wish nor motive to preach a creed that has become the antithesis of their most profound beliefs.

Summerhill School. A. S. NEILL

THE GYPSY PROBLEM

SIR,—I feel that Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's letter dealing with C. H. Rolph's gifted statement of the Gypsy Problem calls for a reply.

I was at the interview with the discerning Mr. Corke. I do not recall any suggestion that "Corke's Pit" did not contain any true gypsies. Indeed, our friend "Bill" Baker was acknowledged as "all right," not to mention Buckland, Coates and the relatives of the crippled Boswell boys. "Posh-rat" is an easy term to bandy about.

The accent of "Bill" Baker compares with that of the gypsies and the Piccadilly flower seller who appeared with Mr. Fitzgerald in a gypsy feature programme on the B.B.C. Following that broadcast I contacted these gypsies—in their houses in Wardley Street, Wandsworth!

I met Bakers in Hampshire twenty-five years ago, and recently talked with one in Bucks married to a Loveridge. I would refer Mr. Fitzgerald to a work cited by him in the bibliography appended to his own book *English Gipsies*, namely, Vernon S. Norwoods' *Our Gipsies*, published in 1885. This writer admits Baker as a gypsy name.

Does Mr. Fitzgerald suggest that there is no "Gypsy Problem"? Let him make no mistake. The gypsy problem is now wrapped up in the "mumper problem." Ordinary folk with their traditional prejudices, assisted by local authorities and the law, are seeing to that.

May I respectfully suggest that Mr. Fitzgerald turns his enthusiasm from folk lore and throws his weight into an effort that seeks to provide a solution to a pressing human problem? W. LARMOUR

THE GENERAL STRIKE

SIR,—I did not, in my book *The Political Meaning of the Great Strike*, accuse Lord Baldwin of *saying* "I provoked a general strike, etc." On the contrary, I offered those words to Baldwin. Had he taken them and uttered them they would have become his own true expression of the policy he had pursued.

I am sorry your reviewer was led into mischief by Mr. Murray's misuse of my words. The latter had no right to put them into the mouth of Mr. Baldwin. I had not done so. They were a gift to Mr. Baldwin, not to Mr. Murray. But then, an ex-Communist leader learns not to expect honest extracts from his writings by Communists of to-day any more than he expects a realistic appreciation of the role of Baldwin by a sentimental disciple.

Highgate, N.6. J. T. MURPHY

Books in General

EDWARD HYDE, first earl of Clarendon, was not a great statesman. An early reformer, the minister of two kings in their adversity, he achieved in 1660 his great masterpiece: the bloodless restoration of the monarchy on the best of possible terms; but as Lord Chancellor of the monarchy thus restored he was a failure, and his life ended in a second and more bitter exile. Every incident heightened the tragedy of that second failure: the long-delayed triumph and the sudden "gust of envy" which reversed it; the ingratitude of his royal master; the hustled flight; the seven wandering years in an inhospitable country; and finally the undismayed magnanimity of the old man who, in humiliation and defeat, composed one of the serenest, most majestic narratives that any man has ever written of events which have engulfed him: *The History of the Rebellion.**

Of course Clarendon's history has its faults. A historian of his own time does not always use the language, or answer the questions, which posterity will require of him: he takes much for granted and assumes, in his readers, an equal familiarity with at least the background of his story. It would be vain to seek in Clarendon anything comparable with Macaulay's famous third chapter. Further, Clarendon's work is often—like the Revolution it describes—formless: for it was not written at one time, or for one purpose, or in one pattern. Begun in the Scilly Islands in 1646 and continued during the next two years in Jersey, its first chapters had carried the story down to 1644 only, and had never been intended for publication. Rather, they were a confidential memorandum to instruct future ministers in past errors. Then, for twenty years, that document had been laid aside. The opportunity to instruct the ministers of the Crown was never given to Clarendon, and in exile he decided to begin again and instruct instead his own children. In Montpelier in 1668 he resumed his pen and began to write, for them, his autobiography. Then, in 1671, when he had carried the story down to the Restoration, he changed his mind again. In that year his son was at last allowed to visit him, and brought out to him from England the unfinished manuscript of his earlier *History*. Clarendon re-read that half-forgotten work, and like Swift was astonished at his own genius. Turning aside, in its turn, from his uncompleted *Life*, he resolved to use it now as a mere quarry from which to resume work upon his long-abandoned *History*—not now as a remedy for old errors or a vindication of old politics, but as the work of an English Thucydides: a monument of history written by one who, from start to finish, had participated in it; who had understood its causes and traced its consequences; who had familiarly known its great actors and great victims; and who, having tasted the alternating extremes of fortune, had arrived at that magnanimous philosophy which alone can judge the complex revolutions of human politics. Thus, in 1674, when Clarendon died at Rouen, his heirs inherited a finished manuscript. Thirty years later it was published, and the University of Oxford, to which, as Clarendon had written, no other Chancellor could ever be more affectionate than he, was unexpectedly enriched by the best-seller of a century.

History changes, historians ask new questions and offer, with temporary certainty, new answers. The history of the Great Rebellion in England has been re-interpreted a dozen times since Clarendon. And yet, when these fashions of interpretation have evaporated, how much more modern does he still appear than they! Carlyle's heroic Cromwell "bathed in the Eternal Splendours" is as extinct as the great auk; Gardiner, for all his evidential accuracy, can never now persuade us of his constitutional and religious conclusions; and the Marxist doctrine of the 17th century class-war is foundering in turn beneath the evidence it has generated. Through the tatters of these dissolving theories the great work of Clarendon still looms in undiminished stature and forces us to ask, what is the quality which gives to this 17th-century lawyer and politician a modernity which no later historian of his period has contrived to retain?

Partly it is the very formlessness of his work, which, unconstrained by any rigid doctrine, excluded nothing as irrelevant. Modern historians, devoutly seeking the social and economic causes of great revolutions, find these excluded by their immediate predecessors who worshipped at other shrines, and are pleased suddenly to discover them in the vast and comprehensive pantheon of Clarendon. This is not mere accident of course, for Clarendon, like most of his contemporaries, had a sharp economic sense. He was careful to assess the economic interests of all his characters, including himself: he recognised this as one of the springs of action. Further, as a London company-lawyer, he knew the politics of the City, which later historians have so strangely ignored. He also analysed the social divisions in the country: the political opposition of old and new landlords and the parliamentary sympathies of corporations. The Great Rebellion was formerly regarded primarily as a religious movement, and Sir Charles Firth could complain of "the fundamental defect" of Clarendon's work, that it is "a history of a religious revolution in which the religious element is omitted." Modern social historians will regard such an omission rather as a virtue, a sign that Clarendon was as perspicacious as they.

In fact he was more perspicacious than many of them: for he did not share their greater illusions. Himself a politician, who had often seen a whole train of consequences launched by some chance incident—by "the never enough lamented death of Dr. Bancroft"; by the "untoward and in truth unheard of accident" of the non-election of the Speaker; by the inopportune and prejudicial death of the Earl of Bedford—he could never have entertained the academic error of determinism. He understood, as modern doctrinaire historians do not, that economic interests are abstractions which cannot mobilise themselves; that their force depends on personal manœuvres, temporary alliances, procedural devices; that the study of politics is in fact always also the study of politicians. And since he was by choice a student of men, whose whole life illustrates a genius for human understanding, he looked through his political microscope and saw political parties not as solid blocs but as shifting groups only casually held together by perpetual human adjustment. He saw the vast revolution of his time not (like Carlyle) as a cosmic act, nor (like the Victorians) as a struggle for principles, nor (like the Marxists) as a crude class-war, but as the operations of politicians only imperfectly in control of their material. Every character was to him half an agent, half a victim, in the avalanche so imprudently set sliding, and every character therefore required a just and careful portrait. What brilliant portraits they are! To those who read history for pleasure, not instruction, Clarendon's work seems often a mere endless tapestry of wonderful portraits in the great age of such portraiture, in an age of humanism, when every educated man polished his personality and sought to shine as a virtuoso. To this passionate interest in character Clarendon owes his splendid magnanimity: it enabled him (since he agreed with Gibbon that history is the record of the crimes and follies of mankind) while visiting the crimes with judicial severity, to shed a humanising light at least upon the follies. Buckingham, to more censorious judges the new Sejanus, the tyrant-favourite, was for him "of a most flowing courtesy and affability to all men who made any address to him," only reprehensible in the inconsiderate profusion of his benevolence; Archbishop Laud, the "little meddling hocus-pocus," achieves from him, an adversary, his most sympathetic portrait; even the Earl of Warwick, the grand patron of rebellion, appears in his pages as a genial rogue; even John Hampden, who "as was said of Cinna . . . had a head to contrive, and a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief" receives from him an unfeigned appreciation; and as even the funeral panegyric of the murdered king is qualified by the admission that "his kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindered them from shining in full lustre," so even the final sentence on the grand regicide, Oliver Cromwell, is mitigated by a reluctant concession: "in a word, as he had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man."

So, as we follow Clarendon's great history through those long, rich, serpentine, polychromatic sentences which heighten its majestic quality, we see the double character of historian and politician, combined in his greatest virtue: his study of men. Like Boswell, Clarendon "ever delighted in that intellectual chymistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person"; therefore he was at his best, both in politics

*Clarendon: Politics, History and Religion, 1649-1660. By B. H. G. Wormald. *Cambridge University Press.* 25s.

and in literature, as a conciliator. If any man could have reconciled King and Parliament in the critical years 1640-2 it was, as Mr. Wormald laboriously argues, Clarendon; when the breach was irreparable his influence declined, but we can trace it still, in his state papers, reconciling, with infinite tact and understanding, mutually suspicious groups of exiles and conspirators. His greatest work in politics—the Restoration Settlement—was again a work of conciliation; and if he was unable through political insufficiency, to consolidate that achievement, the same quality secured for him in literature a more permanent triumph: his *History*, that incomparable work, has reconciled posterity to him as to no other historian of the English Revolution.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE MARRIAGE OF PSYCHE

THE RING

He has married me with a ring, a ring of bright water
Whose ripples travel from the heart of the sea,
He has married me with a ring of light, the glitter
Broadcast on the swift river.
He has married me with the sun's circle
Too dazzling to see, traced in summer sky.
He has crowned me with the wreath of white cloud
That gathers on the snowy summit of the mountain,
Ringed me round with the world-circling wind,
Bound me to the whirlwind's centre.
He has married me with the orbit of the moon
And with the boundless circle of the stars,
With the orbits that measure years, months, days and nights,
Set the tides flowing,
Command the winds to travel or be at rest.

At the ring's centre,
Spirit, or angel troubling the still pool,
Causality not in nature
Whose finger's touch summons at a point, a moment,
Stars and planets, life and light,
Or gathers clouds about an apex of cold,
Transcendent touch of love summons my world to being.

THE HOUSE

In my love's house
There are hills and pastures carpeted with flowers,
His roof is the blue sky, his lamp the evening star.
The doors of his house are the winds, and the rain his curtain.
In his house are many mountains, each alone,
And islands where the sea-birds home,
Eider and cormorant; gull and tern
Each to its wild nest among the sea-pinks and stone.

In my love's house
There is a waterfall that flows all night
Down from the mountain summit where snow lies
White in the shimmering blue of everlasting summer,
Down from the high crag where the eagle flies.
At his threshold, the tides of ocean rise
And porpoise follow the shoals into still bays
Where starfish gleam on brown weed under still water.

In sleep I was borne here,
And waking, found rivers and waves my servants,
Sun and cloud and winds, bird-messengers
And all the flocks of his hills and shoals of his seas.
I rest, in the heat of the day, in the light shadow of leaves
And bodiless voices of air and water speak to me.
All this he has given me, whose face I have never seen,
But into whose all-enfolding arms I sink in sleep.

KATHLEEN RAINE

THE HUMAN BALANCE SHEET

The Estate of Man. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Faber.* 15*s.*

A tall thin schoolmaster with a birdlike expression is at the blackboard lecturing his class. They include all the peoples of the world, with the North Americans, British, Russians, Chinese and Indians being asked to pay particular attention. The schoolmaster is telling them what there is in the world, how fast it is being used up and how much brains they have between them with which to try to make the most of it. His lecture is not very encouraging. He chalks up a lot of figures on the blackboard. He talks very clearly, quite calmly, but now and again with a note of irritation: "The world has enough oil to last for twenty-two years, enough coal to last five hundred, and enough damsilliness to last for ever."

It is indeed a remarkable series of calculations that Michael Roberts has assembled. On the one hand, a growing number of mouths to be fed, on the other, a limit to the resources available for feeding them. A similar gap will develop, it would seem, between increased demands for fuel and power and the world capacity to meet them. To bridge these gaps will call for the efforts of a great many highly trained scientists, technicians and administrators, of high Intelligence Quotient. But is there enough of this kind of ability to go round? The figures make it appear doubtful.

It would be easy on such a basis to prophesy the deluge and give up the world for lost, at least on a material plane. Yet this disturbing book is meant to jolt but not to paralyse. Michael Roberts does not say that it is impossible for the world to find a way through its worldly difficulties. He calls for a greater realisation of the limits within which all plans for the future must be set. This means, of course, deciding which things are most important and, as he puts it, "restoring the idea of quality to our political arithmetic."

The statistics on which he bases his thesis are inevitably an approximation and I do not propose to discuss them in detail. The broad facts about world population increase and food shortages are already well known. That supplies of intelligence are also probably inadequate to deal with this menacing situation is far less commonly realised. A note for the final, unwritten chapter suggests that "if the passion for material possessions is not to wreck the world we must know (at any rate instinctively) what kind of civilisation is attainable and worth having." In other words, we must cultivate a sense of proportion, which is something that can be widely diffused, while high intellectual attainment cannot.

"If everybody in the world consumed petrol as fast as the citizens of the United States, the world's reserves would be used up in less than two years." There is not the least prospect of teeming Asia adopting American standards of consumption. It is the Americans, rather, who will have to stabilise or modify their standards. But America, though at present the biggest expender of resources, may in due course point the way in conservation schemes and in the development of new resources. If the U.S. is spectacularly eroded, it can also boast the T.V.A.

The moral of the whole book is that without comprehensive planning on a global scale, there will be disaster. "The common theme is good husbandry, first in material resources, then in man-power, and lastly in our own inner powers." It is by bringing these last into the scope of "husbandry" that Michael Roberts's lesson in world management takes a novel turn. It also raises new doubts and difficulties. In pointing out the rate at which we are running through the material resources of the estate, he can be as rational as an eighteenth-century landowner seeking to instil a sense of responsibility in his prodigal heir. But there is a more twentieth-century flavour in the prescription: "We must regard our own nervous systems as part of the human estate and treat them decently."

Michael Roberts, besides being a clever and good and kind man, was in his later years an angry man. In this bitter mood he is able to write about "a class of irresponsible, spoon-fed, short-sighted inferiors," "millions of dull-witted machine-minders, film-fans and dog-race addicts," and to question "the right of the redundant low-grade worker to go on living and reproducing his kind in a world to which he contributes far less than he receives." This is the language of a humanitarian who has become—I think in his case temporarily—disappointed in the human race. He was sick at heart when he saw the need for eugenics and the offence it was bound to cause to our self respect. He saw the need for plans but he dreaded red tape. He saw how desirable it was that the best brains should fill the top positions; and how, if they were too thoroughly creamed off, the rest of society would lose in richness of texture. What he really asked for was balance. Yet from the uneven development of the different parts of the world he deduced, plausibly enough, a future of conflict, war and waste.

Original thinking is apt to be contradictory. In Michael Roberts's thought, the contradictions produce an emotional tension little disguised by the careful detachment with which they are stated or implied. The work was incomplete at the time of the author's untimely death in 1948—it has been most competently edited by Mrs. Roberts. It is my impression that if he had been spared a few more years, he would not have added substantially to the message of this book. He was at the beginning of a long trail and he set off upon it in the spirit of an experienced mountaineer who knows that there are still unidentified dangers to be met with on the way. If he had survived another twenty years, however, he might have written another and perhaps a happier book—his *Paradise Regained*, one might say, as a sequel to this sombre vision of *Paradise Lost*.

CHARLES MADGE

FOUNDATION TROUBLE

Tudor Renaissance. By JAMES LEES-MILNE. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Nineteenth Century Architecture. By REGINALD TURNOR. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Here are two Batsford books on architecture, one about the 16th century, the other about the 19th, two periods not otherwise covered in easily accessible works. Conformable to the Batsford model, they are plainly produced, adequately illustrated and radiantly wrapped, proclaiming themselves popular architectural literature of a well-known brand. The publishers have been producing books of this kind for over twenty years, and very good some of them have been. One remembers with pleasure the late Donald Pilcher's study of the Regency style, Marcus Whiffen's excellent investigation of country churches of the Stuart and Georgian periods, and several others. Against these, there have been some ramshackle productions, some over-adjectival appreciations and "manufactured" books of more than doubtful value. The average standard has been a middling standard, claiming some scholarship, but never quite erudite, definitely "popular" in intention but not necessarily bringing the subject within range of the ordinary reader's patience. As time goes on, one begins to wonder whether this rather shifting standard, which has no doubt served a useful purpose in bringing a timid public into touch with more or less serious architectural writing, is good enough, and whether the popularising, generalising book has not extravagantly outstripped the kind which can properly take its place as criticism or history.

The two books under review prompt, in their very different ways, these reflections. Both are by writers of intelligence and discrimination, but neither is anything like adequate as a general survey of the period concerned. The simple reason is that both periods are still under-studied and that until a great deal more intensive small-scale work has been published, the generalising perspectivist cannot hope to succeed. He can only offer us a wobbly sketch of what he rather fancies may be somewhere near the truth.

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Mr. Lees-Milne's task was extremely difficult. His book on the 16th century is the first to appear since Gotch's excellent but unanalytical *Early Renaissance Architecture in England*. That was published (by Batsford's) exactly fifty years ago. In the intervening period scarcely anything on the subject has appeared, except a few papers on individual buildings. The position is, from one point of view, absurd. If a tiny fraction of the thought and labour which have been lavished on Elizabethan literature had been spent on the buildings of the period, a popular outline would now be practicable, if not easy. As it is, we find Mr. Lees-Milne storming his way through a chaos of unsolved, unsorted problems, fighting them off, as it were, with no better weapons than shrewd guess-work and bold generalisation. To say that he comes through with some credit is the least tribute one can pay to his perseverance. The point is, that it should not have been necessary, at this date, to do the book this way.

The problem which over-rides all others in the study of our 16th-century arts is the provenance of classicising influences. In painting it is easier, since virtually the whole practice was an importation. Architecture is more complex. A mistake made by Gotch, and his contemporary, Sir Reginald Blomfield, and now again by Mr. Lees-Milne, is to attach too much importance to Italy and Flanders and too little to France. After the short spell of Italian activity in the early years of Henry VIII's reign, it is surely from France that our renaissance comes—from the Loire school and from Fontainebleau. How it came may, one of these days, be worked out by a systematic classification of the evidence, on both sides of the channel. It would be worth doing. In the process, we might gain a clear notion how old Somerset House and Longleat came to be designed and thus, in turn, arrive at a better understanding of the Smythson groups of houses—Wollaton, old Worksop and Hardwick—and the lesser, but no less enchanting, houses which depend on them.

Then there is the social and operational side. Mr. Lees-Milne scarcely mentions the Royal Works, whose accounts, complete from 1563, survive in the Public Record Office. Admitting that Elizabeth built extremely little, it can hardly be doubted that these documents give us the names of the leading figures in the building world, the people who, in all probability, designed Burghley and Theobalds, Wimbledon and Audley End, and set the stylistic fashion of the moment. John Thorpe, famous because we have his book, was only one of these men; Robert Adams, Henry Hawthorne, Robert Stickells and John Symandes are others whose drawings, in less quantity, survive. If Mr. Lees-Milne had undertaken the research necessary to give substance to these and a dozen other names, it might have delayed his book for half a decade. But can a survey of Elizabethan architecture be worth much until it has been done?

In every way easier was the task proposed to himself by Mr. Reginald Turnor. The now all-conquering 19th century offers no obstacles of the magnitude and menace which face the student of Tudor architecture. There are books of some weight on which to rely, notably Sir Kenneth Clark's *Gothic Revival*, first published in 1928, while the period itself provides a whole library of readable and, indeed, fascinating material. Even so, we find Mr. Turnor evading, in a too plausible and facile way, the very heart of the subject. Surely, if there is one reason more than another why 19th-century English architecture is interesting, it is because, not in spite, of the ugliness of some of its masterpieces. This is not the ugliness of neglect and incompetence, but of an emotional crisis in the arts, of limitless creative consequence. It deserves some attempt, at least, at analytical, if not sympathetic, handling. To say that Butterfield's buildings would be "less offensive" if "translated into some decent stone" is almost like saying that Gerard Manley Hopkins would be more agreeable if adapted to Tennysonian diction.

Nevertheless, Mr. Turnor is entitled to his standpoint, which is that of the modern Man of Taste. Accept that standpoint and the book turns out to be an engaging essay on its subject. Mr. Turnor has a pleasant, epigrammatic style; indeed, one wonders why he quotes other authors' felicities so constantly, when he can often be more felicitous himself. He is an essayist, and at his best when most personal; perhaps, even, when most perverse.

Mr. Turnor certainly gets away with it; Mr. Lees-Milne does not, which is not fair, for one cannot imagine any book on the arts in Tudor England being exactly light reading, and to have dealt with the subject at all is to deserve to be read. Mr. Turnor dodges his problems; Mr. Lees-Milne walks right into them. In both cases the subject is too big, the ground too little prepared. Had one of these authors contented himself with a complete account of Italian artists under Henry VIII and the other with a study of one Victorian architect—one, preferably, whose works he can bear to look at—how much better for the reputations not only of the authors but of their publisher. Architectural literature is overstocked with "popular" books and books which "fill gaps" with the sawdust of yesteryear's research.

JOHN SUMMERSON

RED LEADER

Mao Tse-tung, Ruler of Red China. By ROBERT PAYNE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

About half this book is devoted to the interesting but comparatively unknown period of Mao Tse-tung's life before 1937. The references given in the bibliography only cover small portions of the story which is, presumably, based on conversations at Yenan or such Chinese sources as *The Childhood and Youth of Comrade Mao Tse-tung*. The result is a very convincing general picture. First, there is the eldest son of a fairly prosperous peasant family reacting against the conservatism of his father and determined to get an education. There is the Hunan background at school and training college where Western ideas and revolutionary movements were beginning to penetrate. Mao Tse-tung not only gets all he can from eager reading, ranging from the classics to the revolutionary periodicals, but also lays the foundations for his future career by wandering in the country talking to the peasants. Then there is the period at Peking University when it was the centre of new ideas in China. Mao became a Communist and attended the First Congress of the Communist Party of China.

Soon after, Mao Tse-tung became a figure in Chinese politics though not, at first, an important one. In the confused events of 1926 and 1927 he differed from the leaders of the Party and their Comintern advisers in realising the potentialities of the peasants as a revolutionary force. His first important publication was the *Report on an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan*, in which he argued that a revolution had, in fact, taken place in the countryside. The poorer peasants had organised themselves and overthrown the old ruling classes. "Are we to lead them or to criticise them behind their backs or to fight them from the enemy camp?" Mao makes it quite clear that he considers that the Communists should lead the peasant revolution and, by implication, rejects the orthodox view that the peasants could never be more than auxiliaries to the city proletariat. The author is probably exaggerating the importance and influence of Mao Tse-tung in this period. Roy, one of the chief Comintern advisers, describes Mao as one of the Right-wing Communists who wished to discourage revolutionary activities among the peasantry, and Isaacs in the best documented English history of the period gives the same view. This would seem to indicate that, in 1927, Mao was not sufficiently important for his views to be generally known even in the Communist organisation.

Then follows an account of the Chinese Soviet Republic and the principles of warfare worked out against Chiang Kai-shek's "annihilation campaigns." This period ended with the Long

March and left Mao Tse-tung as the undisputed leader of the Chinese Communist Party.

The second half of the book has a very interesting chapter on Mao's writings and another on his poetry and his attitude to art. But though the narrative of events gives a good impressionistic picture it seems to be based on rather limited knowledge. A serious mistake is the description of the New Fourth Army incident (on page 169) which is represented as the result of a decision by Chiang Kai-shek at the end of 1940 to eliminate the Communists. In fact, small-scale clashes between Kuomintang and Communist forces had begun at the end of 1938, and large-scale moves against the Communists began with Chu H'uai-ping's campaign at the end of 1939. The New Fourth Army incident was only one of the larger, and by far the most publicised, of a whole series of battles. Again, it is suggested that the intelligence provided by the Communists for the U.S. Forces depended on apparatus flown in by the Americans (page 201) whereas, in fact, the failure of the Americans to keep their promises to supply suitable apparatus for the wireless networks supplying intelligence and weather reports for them was an early source of bad feeling. Tunnel warfare against the Japanese is placed in Shensi (page 267), whereas Shensi was the one Communist base area which the Japanese never penetrated. And so on. Most of these mistakes are not serious in themselves, but they do indicate a lack of detailed knowledge.

In conclusion, the book can be recommended as giving a very readable general picture, correct in its broad outlines, though it is not, and is probably not intended to be, a detailed history.

MICHAEL LINDSAY

NATIVE GENIUS

John Bunyan. By HENRI TALON. *Rockliff.* 25*s.*

"Ah, dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her!—dear friend, retire into my closet. . . . There are books over the chimney—Quarles and Prynne, and *The Short View of the Stage*, with Bunyan's works to entertain you."

Bunyan's place over the chimney with Quarles the emblem-book writer and the others, as the unread champion of integrity against opportunity, is just as safe now as it was when Congreve consigned him to it in 1700, twelve years after his death. The dust meanwhile has settled. Occasionally, for one reason or another, children, examination candidates, radio producers and men of learning like M. Talon blow it off and open those forbidding volumes. What do they find? An unmistakable prose; a language as intimate and lively as Congreve's but with a different range of tone, some remarkably acute social observation, a sense of humour which is just a little heavy and an underlying, over-mastering obsession with the problem of salvation.

How did that prose happen? Were Bunyan's uncluttered dignity of expression, his vividness and his feeling for the memorable symbol quite untutored? No, not altogether; Bunyan, too, has his "source," and this was not, as is commonly supposed, the Bible. It was the pulpit. He tapped the rich flood of English rural pulpit eloquence with its rough homely phrases and visual notions such as the pilgrim's journey and the holy war, which were designed to convey difficult concepts to the minds of simple folk, adept at using their eyes and ears but not their intellects. This medieval oratorical tradition was so strong that Dr. Owst suggests it even survived the Reformation and "was by no means extinct in the rural pulpits of England when John Bunyan appeared." The Bible influenced his matter, of course. The holy texts were ever in his head tormenting and soothing him by turns, but the characteristic Bunyan quality "They are for hazarding all for God, at a clap . . ." comes direct from living speech; it is incisive and indigenous.

This style changes considerably: nervous and intense in the autobiography, nagging in the sermons, majestic and mellow in the two parts of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. At its best, its most remarkable feature is the sustained force of its appeal to the senses, especially the sense of touch. M. Talon in his new long study, which has been well translated, does not bring this out, though it was a Frenchman who first drew attention to the preponderance of tactile imagery in *Grace Abounding*. Describing the climax in his conversion, for example, Bunyan writes "a very great storm came down upon me, which handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before." With Bunyan the inner life, the drama of temptation, is always portrayed in terms of physical movement and stress. There is, indeed, a naivety in the detailed concreteness with which he visualised the interplay of spiritual forces.

Thus, allegory was not a self-consciously adopted technique, it was the ultimate structure of his mind. He was a natural allegorist, reliving traditional experience in freshly apprehended images. Yet perfectly suited as he is to the genre he shows up its inherent weakness. It is too deliberate. Once one has seen the joke there is no compulsion to keep up that straining double focus on the two levels of meaning. Inscrutable, multiple allegory as in Kafka is a different matter, but with Bunyan the meaning is often so much less striking than the delightfully real Bedfordshire characters and landscape that we accept these at their face value, forgetting half the time that they figure the journey of a soul.

Bunyan in his own life went indeed on two journeys, the spiritual one of which he was overconscious and the artistic one of which he seems to have been unconscious. Both led him to strange places; his spiritual longings to the filthy discomfort of a seventeenth-century prison house; his literary gift to the novel.

There are, then, two Bunyans—Bunyan the convert, the soul in torment, "the chief of sinners" as he proudly called himself, the persecuted leader of a local resistance movement, and Bunyan the prose artist. The critic must decide where to lay the emphasis, which Bunyan he wants to study. M. Talon bravely attempts to cover both and he brings all the academic virtues to the task. His book is very thorough, very scholarly, very fair; what it fails to do, like so many of its kind, is to stimulate. It answers the question why Bunyan wrote but not why we should read him. If only M. Talon were as good on Bunyan's prose as he is on his thought!

For the fruitful living approach to Bunyan is the one which sees him not among his fellow Puritans, but among his fellow writers. The rustic preacher who exaggerated the humble nature of his origins, who magnified the size of his sins, believing, as converts commonly do, that nothing succeeds like excess, managed to canalise his intense spiritual drive into writing. As with every writer his secret is in his style. The undying gusto of this still remains to be analysed expertly and to be compared with the work of others both within and without the homiletic tradition. The time has come when we should forget about "the tinker" and consider Bunyan, like George Herbert, with whom he has something in common, as an English writer who lived and worked in the country.

ANTHONY CURTIS

THE LANDSCAPE

The Earth's Crust. By L. DUDLEY STAMP. *Harrap.* 18*s.*

Most people enjoy savouring different types of landscape, whether they limit themselves to the variety contained within the coasts of this island or seek greater contrasts on distant portions of the earth's crust. Far fewer people look at scenery with any systematic understanding of the factors determining its nature, of the divergencies in substance and in geological history which have decided the distinctive forms of mountain and gorge, of hill, valley and plain. With the publication of Dr. Stamp's present book all excuse for such ignorance has gone; with its help those who want to have some special interest in the countryside but do not care to be for ever peering through field glasses or at the ground, can now travel the countryside with this broader, less exacting pre-

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occupation. They can identify the work of vanished glaciers and volcanoes, the effects of tipping and folding, the marks left by encroachment or regressions of the sea.

The Earth's Crust is announced as "a new approach to physical geography and geology", and if in fact the novelty lies not so much in the approach as in the methods of demonstration, these methods are exceptional enough to justify the claim for originality. Dr. Stamp has commissioned a large number of coloured models ingeniously constructed with sections exposed to show the hidden geological formations which are the skeleton behind the flesh and skin of soil and vegetation. The models are excellently reproduced in colour, with details picked out and enlarged in monochrome; each plate has a full descriptive caption, while a few thousand words of text provide the necessary generalisation. Anyone who studies pictures and words together should be able to look at any countryside with a gaze as penetrating as an X-ray.

Yet for many of us Mr. T. Bayley's triumph is less in the scientific ingenuity of his models than in the quality of the miniature worlds he has created; we all love pygmy things and he has achieved an exquisite diminution, charmingly convincing in colour and texture. Most of the reconstructions represent actual pieces of country, and it is pleasing to let the eye appreciate in an instant some favourite region which it has taken hours to explore on foot.

The first part of the book is concerned with the agencies that are continuously at work changing the surface landscape, with the efforts of sun, frost, wind and water to denude the high lands and deposit their substance upon the low. The next section has the more dramatic theme of the building of mountains by the buckling of the crust and volcanic eruption through it; the third suggests how the interaction of all these processes —mountain-building, denudation and deposition —together with the given climatic conditions inevitably produce their various distinctive types of landscape. In the last section man is introduced into the scene; *Rocks, Minerals and Men* suggests how the minerals concealed among the rocks attract industrial man like a magnet, leading him to sink his shafts and raise his hoists, buildings and spoil-heaps. Special attention is given here to the mining of tin and coal and to the quarrying of the huge beds of china clay which are often found in association with granite. These examples have been selected "simply . . . to illustrate the way in which so much of the modern life of man depends upon the structure of the earth's crust, and how in so many cases the resources of the nations of to-day were determined by Nature many million years ago."

This successful, cleanly produced handbook should be an ideal aid to teaching the elements of physical geography. It is equally well suited to those who cannot return to school but who still hope to gain an intelligent understanding of the history of landscapes, whether strange or familiar.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

REASON, INTELLIGENCE AND FRENZY

Language and Intelligence. By JOHN HOLLOWAY. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Thinking and Valuing. By D. J. MCCRACKEN. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

In Defence of Reason. By H. J. PATON. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Morals and Revelation. By H. D. LEWIS. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

It may be a pity that historians of philosophy are shot at sight in Oxbridge nowadays, while positivists cannot go out in the Celtic countries without false beards. Controversy, though stimulating, wastes energy, and even victory loses some of its flavour when the two sides are too far apart to read each other's books. Mr. Holloway is a positivist; the other writers in this list are not. Perhaps it will be wise to take Mr. Holloway first, and then compare the strength of the oppositions.

Language and Intelligence is a good typical Oxbridge product. The destructive part is one of those hygienic arguments common to the school of positivists who follow Professor Ryle, directed to getting rid of any odd Entities which can still be found cumbering up the theory of knowledge. It attacks the view that "real Thought" must be an occult extra process mysteriously underlying our conscious thinking and behaviour, and containing a brood of equally occult Universals and Meanings, which obscurely mark and justify our more intelligent bits of thinking. Instead, intelligence and meaning are to be taken as fairly complex patterns detected in our actual experience. Intelligence is more like a limp than a gold tooth; you cannot put your finger on it. Mr. Holloway's arguments are good and his opponents are not Aunt Sallies. The more positive side of the book suggests a wider view of intelligence as ability to achieve one's various purposes, and points out, first, how many ways there are of displaying it besides sheer thinking and speaking: second, how intelligence shown in speech varies with the purposes for which speech is being used. This is all a very important corrective to the shocking narrowness of most British philosophers, who have accompanied the remarks that we sometimes act without thinking and don't talk only for information with a heartfelt tear or a disgusted sniff. Instead, Mr. Holloway gives a most interesting account of the many perfectly sensible ways in which we can persuade or move or impress one another apart from exchanging standardised facts. It now becomes quite clear (as it should have done before this if the English were as empiricist as they make out) that the attempt to tidy up language into an impersonal calculus is as dotty as the definition of a house as "*une machine à habiter*." Inhabiting and talking are tricks as many-sided as human life. They could not be drawn under a single purpose anywhere outside a rationalist's Utopia.

Now all this upsets traditional philosophy, because it is commonly used to break up the great architecture of morals and metaphysics. Hence the tears and frenzy of many, and beyond all, of Mr. McCracken. If there should be positivists who like annoying people, they will enjoy this book, for they have succeeded in making him so cross that he has almost completely wasted a most interesting subject—the element of value involved in our idea of reality. Mr. McCracken, too, opposes the crude Ayerian doctrine that our only proper judgments are judgments of fact. But far from being content to sort all judgments out into separate bins, he wants to substitute a different system on which value-judgments form a "category" on a par with various kinds of factual ones. He rightly points out that we do assess the worth and importance of things quite as constantly as we notice other points about them, and that each process conditions the other. He concludes that the job of philosophy is to connect these ways of thinking: to harmonise the various aspects under which reality appears. And he pleads, quite effectively, that philosophers should therefore take more interest in ethics, aesthetics, religion and the history of thought. This first quarter of the book is courageous and interesting, in spite of spasms of ill-informed and feeble controversy. But after that the deluge. Mr. McCracken is somehow led to illustrate his ideal of the philosopher as an all-round cultural thinker by appealing, not to Plato or Aristotle or Kant or Hegel, but to Descartes. A chapter goes in showing how interesting Descartes' ethical and aesthetic theory would have been if the Inquisition had allowed him to have one, and the other two-thirds of the book in proving the plain point that the idea of reality for Descartes, Geulincx and Spinoza is involved with the idea of perfection. So it is, and not for them only. What *does* this connexion mean? It is a fascinating question, and wants the profoundest analysis. But it won't get it

from Mr. McCracken. Professor Paton's book is much more efficient. Half of it is made up of Kantian studies, which maintain his distinguished reputation in this subject, and the rest mostly of protest against modern philosophical methods —much more astute and urbane than Mr. McCracken's, but equally unable, I think, to provide an inspiring substitute.

Far the best of these books is Professor Lewis's. Here at last is an anti-positivist clear-headed and confident enough to get rid of unsuitable allies. Instead of tearing his hair because people lose interest in rational ethics, he looks for the reason. Academic moralists, he says, have been asking for neglect in the last few generations by losing touch with reality. It is profoundly true, and I believe he is quite right in tracing the damage to the very writers whom people like Mr. McCracken would like to reinstate, the Idealists. Bosanquet and Bradley, smallish men with a taste for drama, strutting in the large robes of a Nietzschean welcome to war and tyranny, were altogether too much for the English stomach, and their successors have not had the vitality to clear the false atmosphere. Then again, Professor Lewis does not follow the usual course of confusing the case for rational ethics with that for religion. He is himself a Christian, but attacks Barthian irrational theology. He gives interesting and often explosive accounts of artistic truth and meaning, of mysticism, guilt, freedom and responsibility. Alone of the four this book is free from the nuisance of a timid and pedantic style. Professor Lewis has a fresh and vigorous mind, and he does not only tell us what wants doing; he does it.

MARY SCRUTTON

NEW NOVELS

The Blessing. By NANCY MITFORD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Night Without Sleep. By ELICK MOLL. *Peter Davies.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

No Music for Generals. By FREDERICK HOWARD. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Mitford writes in a dying tradition, a tradition whose death knell sounded at Sandringham in 1910. Elinor Glyn and Saki are in some ways her counterparts, but for a true equivalent we must go back even farther to the silver fork novels of the forties, fifties and sixties, specially to Emily Eden and her engaging work, *The Semi-Attached Couple*. Compare this with *The Blessing*. Miss Eden's heroine, Lady Helen Beaufort, is a young beauty who marries "Lord Teviot, the great *parti* of the year, with five country houses—being four more than he could live in; with £120,000 a year, being £30,000 less than he could spend." Miss Mitford's girl, gorgeous daughter of a rich diplomat, is only a whit less fortunate; the Marquis de Valhubert whom she hooks is endowed with a *château* in Provence and an *hôtel* in Paris. Both wives love their husbands, but neither is versed in what Emily Eden calls "*l'usage du monde*." Both husbands love their wives, but neither man will forgo a sophisticated woman who has been his consolation in the past. Both Lady Portmore and Miss Mitford's Madame Morel are the same woman: a self-possessed rattle dressed in the height of fashion, infinitely malicious and elaborately witty. Midway through both books a separation occurs, but the processes by which both lady-novelists reach their happy endings are of a very different kind. The Victorian writer takes refuge in sentiment and sensationalism. Not so Miss Mitford.

There are two conflicts in *The Blessing*: the age-old *Pride and Prejudice* one of cosiness and innocence confronted with sophistication, and that of the English baffled by Gallic behaviour—nursery tea versus *le cinq à sept*, as it were. Miss Mitford tells how Grace Allingham marries Valhubert in 1940 and how when next she sees him the war is over and she is the mother of the four-year-old Sigismond. The Valhuberts first go to live in Provence, but there the stifling combination (peculiar to French country houses in fiction) of piety, heraldry and adultery, bewilders poor Grace. Paris turns out to be even worse. Grace tries to acclimatise herself, but when she discovers that Valhubert divides his days between the Hôtel Drouot and the elegant houses of his various mistresses, she despairs and returns to England. Both parties long for a reconciliation, but this is successfully prevented by "The Blessing," Sigismond, who prefers a dual existence. His mother and father spoil him and prospective step-parents on both sides outbid one another for the child's allegiance. This intriguing situation emerges late, which is surely a mistake since it is the crux of the book. However, Miss Mitford coaxes an infinite amount of humour out of it. Readers of *Love in a Cold Climate* will recall how the most diverting character only figures in the last pages. Likewise in *The Blessing*. But Grace's suitor, "The Captain," impresario of an experimental theatre, is not a patch on his predecessor, Cedric. Though that resplendent creature makes no appearance in these pages, his brothers and sisters lurk in the background.

In so far as it is more professional, *The Blessing* is a better book than its predecessors; it is also more wickedly satirical, if not quite as funny. Miss Mitford's denunciation of deadly American bores—"The Jorgmanns of *Life*, the Schmutzes of *Time*, the Jungfleisches who are liaison between *Life* and *Time*, the Oberammergaus . . . on the Un-American Activities Committee . . ."—reads like a cry from the heart. Her *tout, tout Parisiens*, on the other hand, were obviously more of a problem. Miss Mitford describes a sub-Proustian demi-monde of princely pederasts, raffish dowagers with double-barrelled christian names and the like engaged in deadly social warfare, and yet far from castigating as is her wont she comments almost benevolently. Out of loyalty? This capricious partisan view throws parts of the book out of focus; nevertheless it is a delightful *jeu d'esprit*, featherweight but never feather-headed, and as perceptive as it is witty. Only readers who learn their vocabulary at Miss Mitford's knee will be disappointed. No private jokes, no whiggish jargon and only one grave warning as to usage: since *mirror* is a forbidden word, Sigismond calls his favourite newspaper "The Daily."

Night Without Sleep must be one of the first novels made from a film, or rather from a novelette taken from a screenplay based on a treatment. As one might imagine, the metamorphosis is not successful, for the book never shakes off the taint of the cinema. Every passage ends with a fadeout and flashbacks recur in the timeworn Hollywood manner. Worst of all is the "good taste" decor that reeks of lovely living in Beverly Hills: "the beautiful battered French provincial chair," "the beautiful battered Normandy desk," the piano, "a small grand of German manufacture very old and exquisite" that belonged to Clara Schumann, the portrait by Sargent and—exquisite cultural touch—a Van Gogh. In the middle of all this, Richard Bowen, a bright if dilapidated young playwright, wakes up one morning feeling that something awful has happened. It has. The rest of the book is a sort of dance of the seven veils. Layer after layer of neurosis and hangover is cast off; at the end of each flashback we are a veil nearer the truth. What finally emerges is what one expects. *Lost Weekend* was silly enough, but *Night Without Sleep* which resembles it is even more synthetic and windy. The pace is set in the first few pages "Wrap up your troubles in your old kit-bag"—the book tends to be a monologue—"and bring them in with a couple of phallic symbols, and a cheque for twenty-five dollars." Two pages later the same device: "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? With private hells and stifled yells and incest all in a row."

No Music for Generals is, to say the least of it, a worthier work, even if it rates little higher than a poor man's *Guard of Honour*. Like J. G. Cozzens, Mr. Howard dwells on the intricacies of Service and Governmental hierarchy but, unlike him, he cannot keep his large canvas tightly

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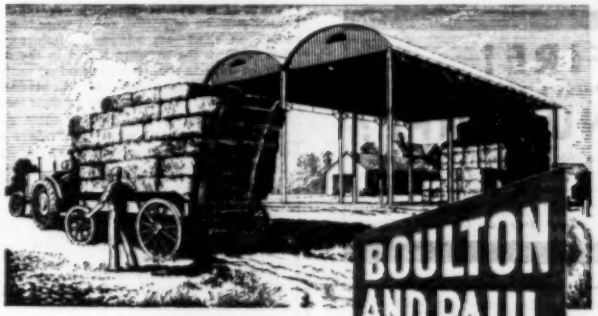

NORWICH · LONDON · BIRMINGHAM

CBC 38

stretched. All the same he catches a few remarkable likenesses and conveys particularly well the feel of Tobrapore (a fictional Singapore) on the eve of a Japanese invasion. Best are the Governor and his wife, sentimental socialists of exceptional verisimilitude, the English general and his servant, one of the oddest characters in recent fiction—a cissy all-in wrestler. The American showman, General Bunnery, almost comes off; but one feels—probably wrongly—that Mr. Howard was aiming at General MacArthur and missed. The only real failure is Leigh Deventer, one of those female journalists of whose existence Rosalind Russell is forever trying to convince us. Most of the time Mr. Howard writes vividly, but occasionally he lets drop this sort of thing: "The fair and child-like face in the picture suggested a legend told in porcelain, an image in the moonlight of a Midsummer Night's Dream."

JOHN RICHARDSON

Warwickshire. By TUDOR EDWARDS. *Elek.* 15s.

Few counties have been more often written about than Warwickshire, for obvious reasons. Mr. Tudor Edwards is interested mainly in the architecture of the county, and here he is very good indeed; by stressing the Georgian elements in that town, he even manages to say something relatively fresh about Stratford-on-Avon. He rightly devotes considerable space to Leamington, perhaps the last of English towns to achieve elegance. But he is equally satisfying on the smaller and remoter villages and country houses of the county, and on Birmingham. It is good to see that fine Warwickshire architect, Thomas Archer, whose St. Philip's, Birmingham, is one of the most charming specimens of English baroque we possess, being heartily praised. When he leaves the field of architecture, however, Mr. Edwards is less convincing. His judgment of George Eliot, for instance, as "painstaking and thorough in her work but lacked the subtle nuances of a Jane Austen, and her knowledge of people and affairs was largely provincial," is risible in its inadequacy; and when he writes, "We can no longer act, interpret or understand Shakespeare, for the gulf is too wide, a gulf not of time but of belief, for we no longer believe in good and evil and we have lost the capacity for laughter and song," he writes nonsense. The book is marred by irritating misprints: Matthew Arnold is persistently deprived of the *t* in his christian name, and Ben Jonson is persistently given an *h* in his surname. Of the illustrations, the photographs are good, the drawings scratchy and undistinguished.

Outer Mongolia and its International Position. By GERARD M. FRITERS, with introduction by OWEN LATTIMORE. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

The contents of this book can best be summarised by the chapter headings: Geography and Society, Relations with Russia, Relations with China, Relations with Japan, Relations with Other Powers, The present Position of Outer Mongolia. The period covered in detail is the present century and the statements made are supported by an impressive series of references to Russian, Chinese, German, English, American, French and other sources. Appendices give 15 pages of bibliography, a glossary of Mongol terms, the Constitution of the Mongol People's Republic, some Mongol personalities, and a short chronology of events. It should be a very valuable book for anyone seriously interested in the problems of this area.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,118

Set by Arthur Marshall

Newspaper obituaries are often prepared in advance. By an unfortunate mistake, the proof of yours is sent to you, before your decease, for checking. It contains all the things that you would least wish to hear about yourself, while remaining quite polite and even adulatory. You are invited to write such an obituary of yourself. (Limit: 200 words.) Entries by August 7.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,115

Set by Richard Lister

The Greeks managed to write poetry about athletes without the moral overtones that the Public School ethos introduced. Perhaps the time has come when this can be done again. In that hope the usual prizes are offered for a poem of not more than twelve lines addressed to the winner of either the Open Golf Championship; the Wimbledon Singles; or the Diamond Sculls.

Report by Richard Lister

One of our regular competitors recently asked that there should be more original poems and less parody. This competition was an attempt to satisfy that demand: but not a successful one. The difficulties of writing occasional verse without falling back into either pastiche or poetisicm—to write it in a modern idom, in short—are admittedly immense. And in face of them the majority bolted in the direction of parody. Among the few who stood up to the problem only Elaine Morgan and John R. Maddox in their different ways, I felt, remained on their feet, even if a little shaky, at the end. So to them go the first prize of two guineas each. The others offer three representative ways of getting round the problem and share the remaining four guineas.

DORIS HART

She wore no fancy underwear
To keep her in the news;
She gave to all who challenged her
The old St. Louis blues.

She soon became a champion—
France's and Australia's—
And then came back to Wimbledon,
The scene of all her failures.

She rose up bright and early,
And hit both hard and fast,
Till she wiped the floor with Shirley,
And licked the world at last.

ELAINE MORGAN

R. SAVITT

You torture screaming sinews
on a court barren of grass
taste bitter salt at the umpire's table
hear distant clapping of hollow hands
We honour you with a running commentary
and covet
the white hygienic daytime virility
the enviable earning capacity
But in another year
shall whisper the sound of another name
into the cloud of clapping
that hangs above the suburban plain.

JOHN R. MADDOX

TO THE WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS, 1951

Your lean feet pressed evenly upon the stretcher,
And your knees parted and came together like lovers;
When your blades took the trembling water
Your arms were straight as steel rods,
And the weight of your hard body
Hung between stretcher and blades.
Your slide came to rest,
And wrists, back, and legs made that instant
A chord in a song for four singers.
But what bade you endure? What urged you to that spurt?
Alas, I may not tell. For to name that lovely thing
Is to forgo all hope of the prize.

L. E. J.

TO THE WIMBLEDON MEN'S SINGLES CHAMPION

Well strove the loser—*better* strove
The winner, Richard Savitt.
(The Wells in this world have it not
Because the Betters have it!).
They duelled—one to finish King
And one to finish Beggar.
God save the King, the Better Man!
The Devil take Macgregor!

S. E. SHAW

You outstept the hare, Rakéton,
and bit by bit took ardour from the wind.
Domed in your sandalled pride, you scooped
the spun ball, and made it fly,
hot to the chaser. You straddled the
wide green with long-legged striding:
and we sensed in straining arms, exact like a lover's,
a cry through lips where some few
wine-vanities not long ago were heard.
We drank your curved form, bent like a bow,
and gasped for your gifts, like a bevy of girls
brought necklaces by warm-eyed sailors.

J. B. LEWIS

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CHESS: Petards up for Hoisting

No. 95

"To catch, pull up, or detect in a mis-statement," is the Oxford Dictionary's definition for a trap, and since on the chess-board a mis-statement is (or certainly ought to be) irrevocable it may well make all the difference between triumph and disaster whether we are the one to set the trap or to fall into it. Yet, apart from material advantage and the sop to our inherent *schadenfreude* there must be something deeper and finer in the successful trapper's delight: it is the sense of justice in seeing the trappee punished for his greedy snatch at the bait. Take this position reached by Frank Marshall against Petrov at Hamburg, 1930. Marshall's last move Q-Kt3 must have seemed innocent enough, simply crying out for an energetic counter-attack starting with P-QB4. As Petrov scribbled the move on his score-sheet he may well have had pleasant visions of the exclamation mark subsequently to be added by the annotators. In point of fact, he had slipped into a trap and he was to resign four moves later, since after (1) P x P, Kt x P. (2) B x Kt! P x B. (3) Q-Kt4!!, K-R1. (4) R x Kt, the White Queen will threaten inevitable mate from KR4. No less poisonous a bait was held out (and swallowed) in this pretty little game won by Walkerling in 1928.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(6) P-K5	Kt-Q4
(2) Kt-KB3	P-K3	(7) Q-Kt4	P-KKt3
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(8) P-QR3! (the bait!)	Q-R4?
(4) Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(9). P x B	Q x R
(5) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(10) Kt-Kt3!	resigns

Looking for examples of someone hoist with his own petard I came across a really drastic case in this position reached by Pietruske against Schönfuss at Zittau, 1950. Here the bait offered to White must have seemed irresistibly tempting, and after (1) Kt x KtP, P x Kt. (2) Kt x P, Q-B3. (3) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Kt1. (4) Q x P White surely must have flattered himself to be the trappee rather than the trappee. But what followed was (4) . . R-R3. (5) Q-B7 ch, K-R2. (6) Kt x B, Q x Kt. Here White would have been well advised to fling away his treacherous petard by trying, say, R-Q3. But in blissful ignorance of what was in store for him he went on to perdition by (7) R x P, whereupon he was promptly "hoist" by Black's R-Kt3!! and, after (8) R-Q5, counsel of despair, resigned next move.

In this week's competition **A** is again a real game position, with White forcing a spectacular mate. This will be child's play for most competitors, and having earned an easy 5 points they might find **B** underrated with a mere 6 ladder-points, even though it is rather easier than most Rinck studies. Our problem addicts having been somewhat neglected of late, **C** is a 3-mover, and quite difficult enough to rate 6 points. It is a very pretty piece, and the author, incidentally, is identical with the hero of the exciting little drama illustrated by the second diagram of this week's article.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 7.

A: Dr. Olland

B: Henri Rinck

C: P. Schönfuss 1951

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 7

A: (1) K-B2, P-R4 (2) P-Kt1, P-R5, (3) P-Kt7, P-R6, (4) P-Kt8 (B), P-R7, (5) B-Q5.

If (1) . . . PxP, (2) P-B6, P-Kt5, (3) P-B7, P-Kt6, (4) P-B8 (B), P-Kt7, (5) BxP.

B: (1) P-B5, Kt-Kt3, (2) PxP, KtxR, (3) PxP, Kt-Kt2, (4) P-B8 (R), KtxP, (5) R-B5, and either mates or wins the Kt.

If (1) . . . PxP, (2) R-Q7, etc.

C: (1) B-K2, K-Kt2 ch, (2) K-Kt2, B-Q5, (3) Kt-Kt3, BxKt, (4) Kt-R5 ch, K-R1, (5) Kt-B6, B any, (6) B-R6, and the K, via White squares, marches to Q8B to support the B-mate, just when the KtP has reached the 7th.

It was not surprising that many competitors were stumped by one or the other of this difficult trio. But it was surprising that a good many saw every subtlety of **C**, particularly in the initial stage of this "one-way-only" study. Several competitors, though, failed to see through the final *finesse* of **B**, the necessity for a R-promotion. The week's prizes shared by J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft. No less flawless solutions came from H. Ainsworth, C. Allen, R. Chandra, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, C. Sandberg. In the ladder competition D. E. Cohen, having dropped only 6 points out of the maximum of 200 in the 3rd decade, leads with a total of 458. Close on his heels are M. Kaye (450) and C. Allen (431). 4th prize to G. Roblin (410). P. B. Sarson is only 9 points behind, and C. Sandberg (363), followed by A. Schneider, R. C. Chaturvedi and others, is pressing on. So is A. J. Roycroft, who has climbed up to 340, although as one of the early victors he had to start from scratch in the 2nd decade. The same, of course, applies to the present victors. ASSIAC

Note: Last week in **C** *the Black P on h4 should be a Black R. In fairness to competitors this shan't be counted next week, but the week after.*

PERSONAL

FRENCH boy student, 20, seeks good English home, preferably seaside, as paying guest. Box 5027.

YOUNG couple going S. France Aug. 17/Sept. 4, have 2 seats in car, 2nd driver preferred but not essential. Box 4848.

GIRL drama student, 19, requires interesting work, August, September. Home or abroad. Box 4871.

HOLIDAY exchange. Couple, young baby, would exc. small hse. Chelsea for similar seaside/country, part Aug.-Sept. Box 4765.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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TURIN-Pisa-Florence-Rome. Under auspices Italian cultural organisation. Depart September 2, 15 days from 29gns. Details E.T.A., c/o I.S.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

AUGUST & September holidays: you are still in time to enjoy an informal holiday with one of my small parties to the Continent or with my international house-parties near Windsor or in Somerset by the sea. This week's special suggestions: Austrian walking holiday August 10, Four Country private motor coach trip August 11, Bank Holiday and other week-end parties. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BARCELONA and Costa Brava, 15 days. Mixed Party more interested in people than fashion leaves Sept. 2. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. MUS. 5395. Mornings only.

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S.—Will M.I.5 say "O.K., leave the U.K."? Then write to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

P.P.S.—Almost nothing left for this summer, of course, but a good thing to be on his mailing list for ski-ing & for 1952.

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WHATCOMBE House School, nr. Blandford, Dorset (Boys Preparatory) offers special coaching in small classes with exceptional prospects for common entrance and scholarships. September vacancies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Malaya. A vacancy exists for the post of Assistant Director, Botanical Gardens, Singapore. The principal duty is the study in the field and herbarium of the flora of Malaya and of adjacent territories towards the preparation of a new Flora of Malaya. During any absences of the Director the Assistant Director will be expected to administer the Department and he may be asked to undertake direction of some of the horticultural work. The appointment is pensionable, but the officer will be on agreement for three years in the first instance. Salary in the scale £960–£1,260, plus expatriation allowance varying between £126 and £231 per annum and substantial cost of living allowance. Free first-class passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and wife with special allowances for children. Taxation at local rates. Generous home leave. Candidates should preferably be under 30, but those with suitable experience can be considered up to 45. Candidates should possess a good Honours degree in Natural Sciences with Botany as a principal subject and have a special interest in and knowledge of the systematic botany of flowering plants or of other groups. For form of application write to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting 27059/261.

METROPOLITAN Boroughs' (Organisation and Methods) Committee. Appointment of Team Leader.—The above-named Committee, which has been set up by 20 Metropolitan Borough Councils for an initial period of not less than 4 years commencing April 1, 1951, to undertake systematic reviews of their executive machinery and departmental methods, invite applications for the post of Team Leader. Concise particulars should be furnished of education, qualifications, present and past appointments and other information showing the candidate's suitability for the position. The names and addresses of three referees must be given. Inclusive scale of salary for the post, which will be superannuable and subject to the Scheme of Conditions of Service of the N.J.C. for Local Authorities' Administrative, etc., Services, is £1,200 by annual increments of £100 to £1,500. The appointment may be made at any point within the scale according to qualifications and experience and will be subject to a medical examination and to 3 months' notice on either side. If the person appointed holds a post in the Civil Service or the Local Government Service, the Committee will be prepared to ask his employing authority to agree to his being seconded during his service with the Committee. A university degree or diploma, or a professional qualification, together with wide administrative experience will be essential; whilst experience in research work will be an advantage. Applications must reach me on or before August 18, 1951, in envelopes endorsed "O. & M. Team Leader." Parker Morris, Honorary Clerk, Westminster City Hall, Charing X Rd. W.C.2.

PSYCHOLOGISTS in the Civil Service.—The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications from suitably qualified candidates for about 8 permanent posts of Psychologist in Admiralty, War Office, Air Ministry and Prison Commission. There will also be about 5 vacancies in the higher grade of Senior Psychologist, and a few in the grades of Principal Psychologist and Senior Principal Psychologist. Vacancies available for women may be restricted. Candidates for the post of Psychologist must be at least 21 and under 31 years of age on May 1, 1951, with extension for service on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces. For the higher grades they must be at least 31 years of age on May 1, 1951. Salary scales (in London):—Psychologist: £350 rising to £750 (men) or £650 (women); entering salary according to age, varying from £350 at age 21 or 22 to £600 (men) or £575 (women) at age 30 or over. Senior Psychologist: (men) £750—£1,000; (women) £650—£850. Principal Psychologist: (men) £1,050—£1,270; (women) £900—£1,100. Senior Principal Psychologist: (men) £1,350—£1,520. Particulars (including the qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 36 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 75/51; completed application forms must reach him by August 23, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Union Theatre—Appointment of Theatre Manager. Applications for the position of Manager of the Theatre are invited. The salary will be at the rate of £1,000 (Australian) per annum at the date of appointment, and thereafter will be subject to any cost of living variations. It is essential that applicants should have practical experience of all aspects of theatre management and stage direction, and they should preferably have had some direct University experience. The Union Theatre is a constituent part of the Melbourne University Union. Since it was built, in 1938, it has been the aim of the Union Board of Management, which controls its policy, to make it a centre of amateur drama, particularly among dramatic bodies within the University. The Theatre, which has seating accommodation for approximately 500, is one of the best equipped small theatres in Australia, with first-class lighting facilities, full sound and film equipment, and a 32-line grid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 1, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture requires (a) a Soil Chemist and (b) an Entomologist, aged 22 to 35, for service in the Sudan. Candidates must possess appropriate Honours Degrees or equivalent qualifications. Appointment will be either on Long-Term Contract for ten years on a salary scale £E617 to £E1,316 with special post-service gratuity of £E1,000; or on Provident Fund Contract or Short-Term Contract, at higher rates of pay and different post-service benefits. Cost of Living Allowance varying between £E142 and £E352 per annum according to the number of dependants is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an Outfit Allowance of £E60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no Income Tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Further particulars and application form may be obtained on written application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelope either (a) Soil Chemist 4/124 or (b) Entomologist 4/41 as may be appropriate.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economic History. The salary will be within the range £650–£1,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £88 males, £69 females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

ASSISTANT Experimental Officers (including biologists) in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form, and successful candidates may be offered early appointments. The posts are in various Government Departments and divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Engineering Subjects; and (d) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). A few vacancies have now arisen for biologists interested in pest infestation problems, forensic work or fisheries problems, and there may be one or two posts for biologists with other interests. Candidates must be at least 17½ years and under 26 years of age (or under 31 if candidates for the vacants of the Assistant (Scientific) Class) on August 1, 1950; time spent on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces may be deducted from actual age. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification; but candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Higher qualifications will be regarded as an advantage to candidates over the age of 20. The inclusive London salary scale (men): £250-£535; (women) £250-£445. Salaries for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Act. Further particulars and forms of application from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3068. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible and must in any case be received not later than October 1, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Leeds. Department of Fine Art. Applications are invited for appointment as Assistant Lecturer in the History of Art at a salary on the scale £450–£25–£500 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (three copies) should be sent to the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than August 13, 1951.

APPLICATIONS for training for employment as probation officers can be considered from British Subjects between 21 and 40 years of age, who have a University certificate in Social Science or equivalent qualifications. Candidates without such a qualification can be considered if they have had a sound education, which will enable them to benefit from a course of study at a University and some practical experience in the field of social service. Special arrangements may be made for University students who are accepted for training following graduation. Applications can also be considered from persons over the age of 40 who are exceptionally qualified by experience for the work of a probation officer. Particulars of allowances payable during training and forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, Probation Advisory and Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. This advertisement should be mentioned.

EDUCATION Secretary. Owing to the pending retirement of the present officer, the Walsall and District Co-operative Society will shortly require the services of an Education Secretary over 45 years of age. Present membership 85,000, Trade £4½ millions. N.U.C.O. scale. Applications, giving details of qualifications and experience with copies of recent testimonials, to be received not later than August 10, 1951, and addressed to: The Education Committee, Walsall and District Co-operative Society Ltd., 6A The Square, Walsall, Staffs.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Education Committee. County Drama Adviser. Applications are invited both from men and women for the post of full-time Drama Adviser for Northamptonshire; scale £700 rising annually by £25 — £850 per annum for men, or £630 rising annually by £20 — £750 per annum for women, together with allowances for travelling and subsistence expenses in accordance with the County Council's Scale. In fixing the initial salary allowance may be made for previous experience. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, accompanied by copies of not more than two recent testimonials, should be returned by Saturday, September 15, 1951. G. E. Churchill, Chief Education Officer, County Education Offices, Northampton.

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health—Mental Health Service. Supervision of the Occupation Centre for Mental Defectives. Applications are invited for the post of Supervisor of the Mental Deficiency Occupation Centre at Marlborough Hill, Bristol. The Centre, which has been established for many years is attended daily by one hundred and fifty pupils, being one of the largest of its kind in the country. It is a training ground for those wishing to take special qualifications in the Mental Health sphere and is visited frequently by professional groups from overseas. This appointment should appeal especially to those who have already spent some years in the teaching of mental defectives and wish to take a senior post carrying with it greater responsibility. Candidates should be under 45 years of age. The appointment will be permanent, subject to passing a medical examination and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. National Joint Council Scheme of Conditions of Service will apply. Salary Grade A.P.T. III £500 x £15—£545 per annum. Canvassing will disqualify. Applications, on forms to be obtained from the undersigned, should be submitted forthwith. H. Parry, Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, Tower Hill, Bristol, 2.

NORTH Riding Education Committee. Applications are invited for posts as full-time women leaders at the following County Youth Clubs: Scarborough Girls' Club, South Bank Girls' Club, Thornaby Girls' Club. Applicants must have had full-time or part-time experience in the Youth Service, and also possess a Diploma in Youth Leadership or a Teachers' Certificate or an equivalent qualification. Salary will be in accordance with the scale £378 x £15 — £544. Increments may be allowed for previous experience. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from me. Candidates should state for which post they wish to apply. Completed forms should be returned within two weeks of this advertisement to (1) in respect of the Scarborough post, the Divisional Education Officer, Huntriss Row, Scarborough; (2) in respect of the South Bank post, the Clerk to the Education Sub-Committee, Eston Council Offices, Grangetown-on-Tees; (3) in respect of the Thornaby post, the Clerk to the Education Sub-Committee, Town Hall, Thornaby-on-Tees. Candidates who wish to apply for more than one post should complete a separate form in respect of each post. F. Barraclough, Secretary for Education, County Hall, Northallerton.

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as Senior Welfare Officers. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate academic qualification, and experience in administration and child-care work is essential. Salary from £570 to £660 in accordance with Grades V and Va of the National Scales. Candidates appointed will be required to pass a medical examination, and the appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Full particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, to whom applications must be returned by not later than August 13, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

KENT County Council, Children's Department, Boys' Hostel, Chatham. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron of the above-named Hostel which has accommodation for 22 working boys. Salary for Superintendent £292 £10 to £317, and for Matron £262 £15 to £307 a year. Residential emoluments £193 a year each. Application forms on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, which must be returned by August 13, 1951. Previous applicants for these appointments will be reconsidered. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

KENT County Council, Children's Department. Appointment of House Mother. Applications are invited for the appointment of House Mother at Cranbourne Children's Home, Cheriton, Folkestone, Kent, to care for six girls over school age and to undertake relief duties in two cottages accommodating girls of school age. Wages £5 8s. a week less £1 3s. a week in respect of board, lodging, overalls and laundry. Application forms on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to be returned by August 6, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Russian language Monitor at Reading. Duties: to report in English on radio transmissions in Russian, of which complete idiomatic grasp is essential. Good knowledge of current political events necessary. Salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £725. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Russian Monitor N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CITY of Nottingham Education Committee (Revised Advertisement). Youth Service. Bestwood Girls' Club. Applications are invited from women for the position of full-time Leader of the Bestwood Girls' Club. The Club premises are used jointly with the Boys' Club. The Club is situated on a Housing Estate on the outskirts of the City and offers to interested persons opportunities for neighbourhood work. The salary offered is £355 per annum rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £415 per annum, the commencing salary to be fixed having regard to the experience and qualifications of the person appointed. The position is superannuable under the Local Government Officers' Scheme. Application forms and conditions of appointment, which may be obtained from the Director of Education, Education Social Services Department, Standard Hill, Nottingham, should be completed and returned as soon as possible after the appearance of this advertisement. F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited from women possessing the Certificate in Child Care or a Social Science qualification for the post of Children's Visiting Officer. Such persons with at least 2 years' previous experience of the duties attaching to the post will be eligible for a senior post with salary of £500 x £15 p.a.—£545. Those with less experience including Child Care Students about to complete their training will be eligible for a post with salary of £440 x £15 p.a.—£485 or £470 x £15—£515. The person appointed will work in a particular district of the County, her duties will include boarding-out, after-care, court, adoption and family investigation work, and co-ordination of work in the district concerning neglected children. An Area Office will be used as base with the assistance of a clerk typist. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned by August 11, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

LEDSTON Hall, Allerton Bywater, Nr. Leeds. Required in Sept. or earlier: (1) Teacher of Woodwork and Handicraft. (2) Woman Teacher general subjects, Junior School. (3) Teacher, general subjects with French, Middle School. Married couple considered. The School is a special school, recognised by the Ministry of Education, residential and co-educational and administered by a Quaker Board of Management. Burnham Scale, etc. A Junior Matron is also required. Apply the Director.

WARNEFORD and Park Hospitals Management Committee, Oxford. The Hospital Management Committee invite applications for the post of Assistant Clinical Psychologist Duties will involve the psychological investigation and testing of patients under the direction of a Senior Psychologist and there will be opportunities for some research work. Applicants should have an honours degree in psychology, or a recognised equivalent. Salary scale will be £400 to £500 per annum, adjusting to the Whitley Council scales for Assistant Psychologists when these are agreed. Applications, together with copies of two recent testimonials, or the names of referees, should be submitted to the Secretary not later than 14 days after the appearance of the advertisement.

THE London Police Court Mission requires a Deputy Warden for a Boys' Approved Probation Home (ages 15-18) now being established at High Beech, Nutfield, Surrey. Applicants must be single, have had Youth Club or similar experience, and preferably possess Youth Leader qualifications. Salary by agreement and in accordance with experience and qualifications. Applications, stating age, education and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to Assistant Secretary, L.P.C.M., 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

GAINSBOROUGH C.L.P. invites applications for post of full-time Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Application forms from Mrs. Hawkins, 161 Frodingham Rd., Scunthorpe, to whom they must be returned not later than August 11, 1951.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. St. Albans Divisional Executive. Full-time Youth Warden required to undertake duties dealing with formation and running of new clubs in this area. Sal. £300. For further partics, apply to Divisional Education Officer, Bleak House, Catherine St., St. Albans.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Full-time Youth Leader required for High Wycombe. Salary—qualified after two years' training—Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers. Lower salaries for one year qualified or unqualified Leaders. Details and application forms from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOUTH Devon. Dartington Hall School, Totnes. Applications are invited for the post of Domestic Bursar to be responsible for the catering, cooking and domestic arrangements throughout the School. Duties commencing in September at a salary of £300 p.a. with board residence and superannuation. Knowledge of dietetics an advantage, but experience and approach equally important. Applications and references to the Bursar.

EXPERIENCED boys' club leader required at Canonbury, Islington. Salary from £376. Apply Secretary, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUS. 1816.

BOROUGH of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from suitably trained and experienced men and women for the post of Club Leader to a Youth Club in the South of the Borough re-opening in the Autumn—own premises and equipment. Salary according to Burnham Scale for Teachers. Full particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, 49 High Street, Lowestoft. Applications should be received 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

JEWISH Board of Guardians require Matron's Assistant (Orthodox) to help with housekeeping and general duties. Convalescent home, Walton-on-the-Naze, Essex. Good salary with living quarters. Apply by letter (marked H.C.2) to the Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, E.1.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires Jewish Nursery Teacher (unqualified) for infants' class, age group 4 to 5 plus, at The Anthony & Annie Muller Residential Open-air School, Broadstairs. Some out-of-school help required. Apply by letter (marked H.C.3) to the Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., London, E.1.

LARGE Trade Union office has vacancies in Finance Department for the following: One qualified adult (male or female), finance clerk: one adult (male or female) general shorthand-typist. Commencing salary £4 12s. 6d. per week, rising to £5 12s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Administrative Assistant, Transport and General Workers' Union, Transport House, Smith Sq., London, S.W.1.

SWITZERLAND. Wanted young English teacher (woman) Univ. Degree, sport-enthusiast for small Finishing School. Opportunity to perfect German, French, skiing. Apply with references and photo, Dr. K. Landolt, Klosters, Graubd.

CLERK, male, shorthand, required by evening College for adult education. Duties, morning and afternoon, morning and evening, alternate weeks. Varied and interesting work. Evening meals provided. Salary according to qualifs. and exper. Apply, enclosing copies of two recent references, to Box 4969.

COMPETENT Shorthand-typist wanted early September, interested in Quaker International Work, pref. young with good training or experience. Apply, in writing, to General Secy., Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

HEAD Cook or Assistant Cook with excellent opportunity for promotion, required for teachers' training college (woman). Good conditions. Apply to the Bursar, Froebel Educational Institute, Grove House, Roehampton Lane, S.W.15.

LADY cook required September by co-educational boarding school, Chinthurst School, Tadworth, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WOMAN graduate, 22, seeks good opening for career. Experienced in journalism & history of art. Some knowledge of fashion trade. Box 5019.

MALE housekeeper wants job in artistic/intellectual atmosphere. Will also act as companion, driver, secretary. Box 4981.

HONS. Graduate (Ph.D.), adaptable young man, 24, single, first-class linguist (German/French), typist, reqs. progressive post; prepared to work hard and train; ex-tutor and asst. editor; excel. refs. Box 4947.

SECRETARY, expert S./T., good experience, free lance. MOU 1701.

EDUCATED married couple, 37 & 27. Danish residents, with all-round experience in commerce & agriculture seek responsible position. Fluent English & German. Box 4849.

OFFERS of job/training required to help get out of rut before too late. Bachelor (38). Fuller partics. Box 4837.

ENGLISH lady, Grad., seeks post where fluent French, German, some Italian can be combined with some secretarial work. Experience interpreting, translating, editing. Own machine, will travel. Box 4835.

SECRETARY S/T, available. German-English, holiday relief/pt-time. Box 4821.

NEGRO artist (age 30) writer, stone mason, seeks instg. work, fluent Swedish, some Norwegian and French; own typewriter. Welcome manual job, pref. continent. Anything consid. Box 4817.

SECRETARY, Hons. grad., 27, seeks insg. post with opportunities for using own initiative. England/Scotland. Box 4764.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

EDUCATED woman, cultured, presentable, practical, skilful and domesticated, seeks suggestions for employment. Would travel. Box 4707.

MA. (Oxon), late Extra-Mural lecturer, living in backwoods, wants regular work by post, (almost) anything considered. Suggestions? Box 4653.

SECRETARY (son 5), domesticated, adaptable, ex. refs., own typewriter, offers services exch. salary & furn. accom. Box 4618.

WOMAN grad. (28), geography and econs., seeks interesting post, preferably abroad; 4 years' research and admin. exp., good knowledge French, driving, typing. Box 4591.

EX-officer, 23, good education & references, conscientious, proved ability to teach, requires position for approx. 1 yr. while studying to work in Central Africa. Teaching or social work preferred. Box 4779.

EDUCATED German woman, 42, 2 years' housekeeping in England, seeks post as companion. Good at needlework, driving. Box 4528.

YOUNG ex-Black Watch captain, A. B. Liberal, Arts Harvard (Hons.), skx. job starting Sept. Kndge. Spanish & American; interests: politics, public relations, anything unorthodox/publishing, teaching. Box 4535.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, glorious Devon. "Sea-View" Guest House, adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Comf. house. Mod. terms. Vacancies Sept. only. Mrs. Garness.

NR. Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 miles. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

WALLINGFORD-on-Thames. White Cross Hotel. 6 acres lovely grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. appvd. Tel. 3155.

PEACEFUL village in rural Essex near coastal estuary. Acorn, offered in comfortable old Georgian house for week-ends, holidays or permanent guests. Own stg. rm., country produce. Reas. terms. Box 4901.

BRIGHTON and London—half way. Secluded Tudor Cottage. Near Main Line Station. Holiday accommodation. Bachelor. Moderate terms. Box 4772.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

SEPTEMBER in the Chilterns. There'll be room for a few holiday-makers at Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon, in superb country, river 3 miles; excellent food. At week-ends there are lecture-discussions in which you may join if you wish. 6gns. Checkendon 221.

BEAUTIFUL Maisonette. Maid in winter. Comfortable home. Special diets. 5gns. References. Gibb, "Cherry Orchard," Mousehole, Cornwall. Mousehole 284.

GUESTS received—large comfortable farmhouse—modern conveniences. September/October. Terms 4½gns. weekly. Bernand, Upper House, Risbury, Leominster.

FOLKESTONE. Earlsmead Hotel, 13 Earls Avenue. Ideally situated. From 5½gns. according to season. Tel. 2583.

HOLIDAY centre for the Trossachs. Brook Lann, Callander, Perthshire. Vegetarian Guest House. Open 6½gns. Special terms for families. Tel. Callander 103.

OLD Plow Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique Hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

HASTINGS 4571. Reputed for congenial guests, with broad outlook, excel. meals, lovely gardens, ideal position. Summer: 4½gns. Recom.: Labour Party. "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

BRIGHTON. Queensbury Private Hotel, Regency Square. 'Phone 23583. Facing West Pier. Good food. Comfort. Personal service. Terms 6-8gns.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

SIMPLE accommodation with friendly people. Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks, quiet Permissive valley. From 3gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for tuition), H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pools, reduced terms for children. Brochure (stamp), N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor, Farm Produce, Cream. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Golf Rock. Cornwall's loveliest beaches. Port Isaac 234.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Toure Vean Private Hotel, Portsleven. Lt.-Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (Rtd.).

GRAND Hotel, Dinard (Brittany), 1st class. Now, special low season terms.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodlands Guest House, Lakeside, Via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere. Log fires. Home produce. Write for booklet.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised; H. & C. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Winter terms 5½-6gns. Summer terms 5-7gns. Phone Hastings 5110.

PAYING guests welc. for week-end/short periods. Modernised farmhouse ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on appl. Surman, Presthope Farm, Nr. Much Wenlock.

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5, offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. Phone Frobisher 1000.

RURAL Essex. Manor House Hotel and club in own park grounds of 20 acres now open. Fully licensed, every modern comfort. Tennis, squash, swimming, dancing. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Phone Great Bardfield 241.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recom. Few vacancies Aug. and Sept. Brochure. Tel. 291.

CRAB and Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Tel. 161. English and Continental cuisine. Games room. Scheduled as an historical building. Terms: 6gns.-8gns.

LAKE District. Beck Allans, Grasmere, Westmorland. H. & c. all bedrooms. Brochure on request. Proprietors, E. & A. Wild. 'Phone Grasmere 129.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres gnds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to Britain's good hotels, inns, guesthouses. Post free, with Supplement, 3s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

HOLIDAYS that are Different—"Far from the madding crowd" at Felpham, a charming village on the Sussex Coast. Lovely Guest House, in half acre beautiful gardens, catering for Members Professions, Business Executives and Administrative Sections. From 7gns. Brochure. "Kenwood," Midway, Felpham 7, Sussex. Bognor Regis 2163.

CHILDREN'S Guest House, for children from 2 to 12 years, family atmosphere, country life, woodland, pony. White, Box Wood, Stevenage, Herts.

£4 15s.-£5 5s. covers delightful week's holiday in Kentish beauty-spot, including swimming, tennis, miniature golf, putting, games, jolly evenings. Excellent food. Cosy chalets. Write to Woodlands Holiday Camp, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

EDINBURGH. Bed, blast., attractive rms. H. & C. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

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SC. furnished flat to let near the British Museum, 7gns. per week. Box 4847.

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FURN. flat, 3 rooms basement, nr. Zoo, Sept. 4-Sept. £2 10s. Box 4941.

HAMPSTHAD, nr. Tube, buses, 20 mins. Festival, 4 r. mais., large 3/4. Aug. 7-21. 10/12gns. p.w. Box 4951.

CONGENIAL home offered music student, preferably violinist. Facilities for practice. Twenty minutes London. Terms can be discussed. Box 4858.

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EX-SERV. grad. couple want London home —any possibilities welc. Box 4529.

WOMAN Univ. lecturer wants unfurn. flat Central London or near; minimum 3 rms., k. & b.; rent to £340 incl. Furn. and fittings considered. Box 4825.

STUDENT requires permanent room and half or full board in private family, London or area. Box 4646.

WANTED: Small bungalow or house unfurn. to rent or buy, in country surroundings, accessible to London. Box 4822.

WANTED by University Lecturer (lady), flat, furn. or unfurn. (max. £200 p.a.) or large bed-sitting room, £3 p.w., W.C.1, or Inner Circle. Box 4854.

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WANTED, Cornish cottage for winter, sheltered position. Only small rental possible; careful considerate tenant. Box 4763.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evs. (ex. Mn.), 7. Sc. A & Sun. 5 & 8. "Poor Judas." Mems.

UNITY. EUS. 8391. "The Cradle Will Rock," satirical musical play by Marc Blitzstein. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until July 29: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (A). From July 30: "A Man About the House" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. July 29, 7.30. "The Old & The Young King" (A).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners." St. Thomas' Church, Regent St., July 31, 8.30 p.m. Thereafter Evgs. 8.30. Tues. & Sats. 6.15 & 8.30. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Bkg. Church. REG. 1223.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. The full range of Ganymed Reproductions is on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). 9-6 and Saturday mornings.

ARTISTS and students in, or around, Clapham, South London, are invited to submit works—all media—for Festival Art Week (Sept. 2-15). Call, deliver, or inquire "Observer," 8 The Pavement, Clapham Common. (MAC. 1097/STR. 0812.)

BRITISH Abstracts, 1951. Fr. July 31. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Recent Paintings by Jan Wiclaczko. Until August 11.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Maurice Utrillo—20 Paintings. Daily 10-5. Sats. 10-12.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George St., Hanover Sq., W.1. Recent Paintings by Graham Sutherland. Closing Aug. 4.

SICKERT Exhibition. South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

BRITISH Painting 1925-50 (Second Anthology). New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till July 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

SIXTY Paintings for '51. An Arts Council Exhibition of Contemporary Works specially painted for the Festival. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Open till July 31. Week-days 10-5, inc. Sats. Adm. 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY Brook Street, Mon.-Fri., 10-6. New Paintings by John Christoforou.

POLAND'S YOUTH. Attractive new Exhibition from Poland will be opened by Mr. Jack Jones at Polish Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1, July 27, at 8 p.m. All welcome.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. School of Paris. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

HOGARTH. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., 26 Old Bond St., W.1. Sickert—Forty of his finest paintings. Diy. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Last week.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also flower paintings by Honor Sterndale-Bennett. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Darland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"ASIA Equals Europe," by Andrew Roth. Mon., July 30, 7.30. Asian Institute, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre. Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m., July 31: "Unity and Harmony in Religion." Indian Psychology Series begins Aug. 7. All welcome.

WEST Indian Seaman killed by South African Police. Protest against Malan's Racial Policy. Holborn Hall, Sun., July 29, 2 p.m. Miss Mary Attlee and other prominent speakers. Org. by League of Coloured Peoples.

EDUCATION in Moscow: a talk by Mr. Granville Prior, President of the National Union of Teachers, on his recent visit to Moscow. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mon., September 3, 7.30 p.m. 1s. 6d. at door. Fabian International Bureau.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. Mon. July 30, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Consumer & Nationalised Industry": Dr. E. Neumann. 1s. 6d.

H. R. Trevor-Roper on "Problems of a Modern Historian," Sat., July 28, at 3 p.m. V. Sackville-West reading her own work. Thurs., August 2, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

LUNCH Hour Talks. Caxton Hall, S.W., July 31: Integration of Mind through Meditation. No Talks Aug. 7, 14. Spiritual Laws on 21st: Yoga and Christianity 28th.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lect., Sun., 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. All welc. July 29: Hypnotism: Black Magic in Science.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WOODBROOKE College, Selly Oak, Birmingham. Woodbrooke is one of a group of Educational Institutions known as The Selly Oak Colleges. Its aim is to give men and women from many countries, and with a great variety of outlook, an opportunity of preparing to meet the problems of today. Study courses include: The Foundations of the Christian Faith, The Bible, Quakerism, International Relations. These are arranged to suit those who may be able to come to Woodbrooke for one term only. A wide choice of other study courses is available through the Selly Oak Colleges Central Staff. Autumn Term: September 28-December 15. Apply for prospectus: Warden, Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

THE National Under-Fourteens Council announces a Part-time Training Course for workers in Junior Clubs and Play Centres, to be held in London from September, 1951, to July, 1952. The Course will be in charge of a qualified tutor. Further particulars from Donald Sutherland, 220 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

DENMARK. College Physical Educ., Fredensborg. 1 year course (in Eng.) for Men Teachers. Recognised by Chief Inspector, Phys. Educ., Denmark. Commenc. Oct., 51. Vacation Courses (in Eng.) for men and women, Aug., 1951. Gym., Athletics, swimming, dancing, etc. Fee £16 10s. incl. board. Write Principal.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: Glyn House, Broadstairs—Aug. 18-25, Foreign Policy, Director: John Haire, M.P. Speakers: Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., Maurice Edelman, M.P., Rita Hinden, J. M. F. Palmer, J. Mendelson. Frensham Heights, Farnham, Surrey—Aug. 18-25, "New Paths in Labour Thinking." Director: John Parker, M.P. Enquiries, applications, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 109, 110, 111

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